

# THE CHURCH MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1880.

## PROGRESS OF SOUND PRINCIPLES.

Lent and Easter have come and gone, and they who have duly observed them will find themselves spiritually strengthened for the duties and trials of their station.

Every year the Churchman has reason to thank God for the improved tone among all religious people in reference to their differences. The age is progressing in the knowledge of catholic truth, and in a regard for the pious usages of the Church in all ages. It is impossible for one to shut his eyes to this fact. It is borne witness to by the denominational press and pulpit, and by the practice of individuals and congregations.

This is as it should be. The history of Dissent bears abundant testimony to the fact that religious questions were complicated with political, and that party hatred had much to do in shaping the peculiarities of sects. What one did, the other was not only bound not to do, but to meet with opposite practice, if not doctrine. It is a most propitious sign of the times that this spirit is giving way. There are indications that the various denominations, instead of declaiming against the peculiarities of those who differ with them, are seeking rather to find what good there is in them which may be worthy of imitation. There is a spirit of inquiry as to points of agreement rather than of diversity. Let this spirit prevail, and in time the problem of Christian union will solve itself. There are catholic creeds in which we all agree; there are catholic

principles and practices which it would be well for all to learn.

We find the Rev. Dr. Van Dyke of Brooklyn, writing to *The New York Evangelist*, saying "We Presbyterians may not accept the Episcopal doctrine of Lent; but for one, I am thankful for the temporary barrier which the return of this season sets up against the tide of worldliness, for the opportunity it presents to bring our churches for the time under the steady influence of the Gospel, and to press home the claims of Christ's kingdom upon the careless and impenitent." He then states that he proposes having a prayer-meeting every day at 4 P. M., and preaching every evening at 8 P. M. Several Presbyterian ministers are announced to take part in the meetings. The letter is prefaced with the following truly courteous words by the editor of *The Evangelist*: "We agree with him that the season of Lent, as observed by the Episcopal Church, is a breakwater against the tide of worldliness that is coming in like a flood, and that other Churches may follow the example by special services designed to make Christians pause in the rush of life, and ask whether they are living wholly for this world, or for God, for Christ, and for heaven." We also notice in this connection that another step has been taken by the Presbyterians in this city, which, without having any reference to Lent, is not unlike it. For at the time when we are opening our churches for more frequent services, and endeavoring to awaken the zeal of Christians, and call

them aside from the world for meditation and prayer, committees from the Presbytery go about visiting the various congregations of that denomination, holding meetings for prayer and exhortation. The object is declared to be, in a brotherly greeting, with assurances of common interest and regard, "to quicken the consciences of those who profess and call themselves Christians, and their sense of responsibility; so that they shall be led at once to a higher religious life, and to greater activity for the masses around them."

While it is not at all surprising that with the improved tone in the feeling of persons in all religious bodies, there should be a disposition manifested to share with us, in part at least, the benefit of Lenten observance, so neither is it to be wondered at that opposition should be aroused. This is to be expected. But when one arrays himself in the armor of an opponent, we have the right to demand that he shall use lawful weapons. And the better spirit now manifest among differing religionists, ought to put to shame one who resorts to some of the old and most discreditable modes of warfare.

In a Presbyterian paper, for which we entertain the highest regard, a correspondent deprecates the disposition among Presbyterians to fall in with our Lenten usages. He says "The idea is a taking one which allows you to do up your religion in a month or two, and then do as you like for all the rest of the year." Is this a fair representation of this case? It is nothing to the case to speak of what worldly people do, with their "dancing, and feasting, and carnival," and "high indulgences," until from sheer surfeit they are glad to take advantage of the Lenten season, and make it out of fashion to continue their riotous living. But the question is not—

What do the devotees of the world do? but, Of what benefit is it to the devout, seeking to serve God in all sincerity? If, as this correspondent states, Presbyterian young people "like Lent for what precedes and succeeds it"—"the weeks of dancing, feasting," &c.—*our* young people do not. In a ministry of more than a quarter of a century, we have never found the devotees of worldliness, gaiety, and pleasure, to be strict observers of Lent. As in Lent they are neither expected to give or attend parties, they abstain from so doing. Of the real self-denials of that season, they apparently know nothing. But of the truly devout observers of Lent, every pastor will bear witness that they are not the worldly and frivolous. In their sphere in the world, they are not of the world. It is an old slander, nearly out of date now, and certainly out of place in an age of greater courtesy among differing brethren, to charge that they who stately fast forty days in the year, indulge to excess during the remainder, and think to "pay for a rout by a fast."

But this writer seems to be strangely ignorant of what constitutes a fast. He says "As to the fast itself, has any mortal ever settled it, by any reason, showing why the eating of *fish* is fasting, more than the eating of any other *flesh*?" "It seems to me, as to the Reformers, only a substitute of one set of luxuries for another. And that is *called* a fast."

We deny it. There is no law, rule, regulation, or *general* custom, in our Church making fish the principal food for Lent. And even those who regard fish as a proper diet for a season of abstinence, never presumed to call the eating of it fasting. In the Book of Homilies fasting is thus defined: It "is found in the Scriptures to be of two sorts—the one, outward, pertaining to the body; the other, inward, in



the heart and mind. This outward fast is an abstinence from meat, drink, and all natural food; yea, from all delicious pleasures and delectations worldly."

Fasting is abstaining from food. In the Early Church the Lenten fast was usually observed in thus refraining until the hour of Evening Prayer. But no person can go without food for the entire Lent. As, however, fish was early regarded as a less stimulating food than flesh, it was considered the proper diet during days and seasons of fasting, though the eating of meat was not forbidden. The Roman Church, however, forbids the eating of any flesh, except that of fish, on fasting days. The same rule was enjoined under Queen Elizabeth, "though her orders were accompanied with an express declaration that it was not as believing any religious difference in food, but a mere measure of policy to

promote the consumption of fish, as an encouragement to sea-faring men; and at the same time to spare the stock of sheep."\* The author from whom we quote these words, adds—and all sensible Churchmen no doubt agree with him—"That feasting upon turbot, cod with oyster sauce, carp stewed in claret, &c., should now be deemed a *mortification*, and eating of flesh, certainly as easily and more commonly obtained, a *luxury*, appears too much like a jest to be easily reconciled to sober consideration."

No; eating fish is not fasting. We have no rule in the Church prescribing it as a diet for days of fasting. Some among us do so adopt it, and there is no good reason why they should not, if they feel so disposed. But even the Roman Church, which forbids meat upon days of abstinence, allowing fish only, never called the eating of fish fasting.

#### THE LAITY AND CHURCH LITERATURE.

On another page a correspondent offers some thoughts on the Neglect of Church Literature by the Laity.

As his remarks relate chiefly to the ordinary literature of the Church, practical and devotional, we take the liberty to supplement them with a few thoughts on that kind of literature which treats especially of our distinctive doctrines.

Thirty and forty years ago the Church was everywhere in the midst of controversy. From the age of the Revolution it seems to have been taken for granted that it had no right to live on this continent. It was as "a sect everywhere spoken against." It had to fight for existence, and it fought nobly. The Churchman reared in that period was intelligent from necessity. He could go nowhere without being

liable to be challenged to give a reason for the faith that was in him. It was considered as a part of the training of a candidate for Confirmation that he understood the doctrines of the Church and the reasons for them. 'Chapman's Sermons,' and later 'Kip's Double Witness,' and later still 'Dr. Wilson's Church Identified,' were household books. 'Chapman's Sermons' passed through many editions.

No wonder that in such times our people were familiar with Church literature. But controversy with the denominations around us has subsided, and while its evils have departed, so also have some of its benefits. Our people are not instructed now in Church doctrines as they should be. The ignorance in candidates for Confirmation of the distinctive doctrines

\* *Clavis Calendaria*.

of the Church, is truly deplorable. Such Church members are not likely to be interested in her literature.

The reason our correspondent assigns—that our people are so well satisfied with the Church that they have no desire to become acquainted with the instruction to be found in her literature—has, we fear, more force than it would at first appear. But it reminds one of the good warden who always went to sleep when his rector preached, knowing that he was perfectly sound, and whatever he said would be right.

Those who, whether from satisfaction with the Church as it is, or from indifference to it, confine their reading to the frivolous or skeptical literature of the world, may some day find themselves placed in an awkward position, where their ignorance will put them to shame, and possibly cause them to be led astray from the truth.

Our correspondent believes that other Christians are not indifferent to their denominational literature. While we are not informed upon this point, we are confident that they are not instructed in their distinctive doctrines. There is an apathy among Protestants generally, upon controverted points of whatever kind. But while the desire for peace cannot be too much commended, there are times when peace is most perilous. While Protestants are averse to polemical literature, Romanists are not. A Protestant clergyman does not care to have the members of his Sunday and Bible classes instructed in the peculiar doctrines of his Church; and his congregation do not care to have him preach upon such themes. Meantime, within a stone's throw is a Roman church, with its corps of clergy and "brothers," who never permit a Sunday to pass without instructing young and old in the doctrines of their Church, and the rea-

sons for them, and particularly the arguments against Protestantism. Not only so, but their children are not even allowed to attend the public schools. Why not? Because they will there be taught anything against their Church? No; but because there they do *not* receive instruction in their own Church doctrines. The consequence is that these children, when they grow up, are fortified in their minds against any arguments in opposition to their creed, and they require but little skill to silence or convert Protestants who know little of their own faith or any other.

Do our people view with surprise and alarm the progress of Romanism? The remedy is in our own power, and consequently the responsibility rests with us. We have but to be as zealous for what we believe, as the Romanists are for their faith.

We believe that the times especially call for prompt and vigorous effort on the part of the clergy to interest their people in the practical, devotional, doctrinal, and polemical literature of the Church.

A sweet temper is promotive of a long life. An English journal, *Capital and Labor*, asserts that while excessive labor, exposure to wet and cold, deprivation of sufficient and wholesome food, bad lodging, sloth and intemperance, are all deadly enemies of human life, none of them are so destructive in their effects as violent and ungoverned passions. Men and women have survived all the former, says the writer, and at last reached an extreme old age; but it may be safely doubted whether a single instance can be found of a man of violent and irascible temper, habitually subject to storms of ungovernable passion, who has arrived at a very advanced period of life.

Do you admire honest, brave, and manly men? You are yourself of an honest, brave, and manly spirit.—*Sainte Beuve.*



## EVENINGS WITH MY PARISHIONERS.

## CHAPTER III.—A VISIBLE CHURCH.

Within the limits of the parish lived a Mr. Prudon, a lawyer. From an occasional attendant at the church, he had come in due course of time to take a pew, which his family filled with regularity. But as what religious knowledge they had was obtained outside of the pale of our branch of the Church, their churchmanship amounted merely to 'liking some things about the Episcopal Church.'

Mr. Prudon was not present at our first meeting, but he had heard of it, and I had a pleasant conversation with him on the subject during the week, and I saw that he only needed a special invitation from me in order to be present at the next meeting. I was not slow to give it, and to assure him I wanted him to ask questions, and if any point was not made sufficiently plain, to state his difficulty.

I found the room well filled at the appointed hour on the second evening. I opened by reviewing for the benefit of those who had not been present on the former occasion, the leading points of the discussion, stating emphatically as the conclusions to which we had arrived, that membership with the Church—the outward and visible Church—was an essential.

Mr. Prudon, with some hesitation, ventured the remark that he had never supposed Church membership to be an *essential*, though he admitted that in the New Testament 'some such profession seems to have been required.'

I remarked that I was confident that he would find that he had stated the case too mildly. 'Let us see,' said I, 'what facts Scripture furnishes as bearing upon this point. Let us go back to the very beginning, even before the Church of Christ was fully organized. When our Lord himself was

upon earth He and the Twelve preached and made disciples. Now the Scripture expressly says "Jesus made and baptized more disciples than John (though Jesus himself baptized not, but His disciples)." Even at that early day, then, those who were disciples of Christ were baptized. This settles the matter of fact. Just before our Lord ascended He gave His commission to the Apostles, "Go teach all nations, baptizing them." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." This settles the law.

'While then our Lord was upon the earth, the law for all who should believe in Him was that they must be baptized, and as a matter of fact they were so baptized.

'Now let us see how it was after the Day of Pentecost, when the Church was fully organized. On that very day, when three thousand were converted and asked what they should do to be saved, the inspired answer was Repent and be *baptized, every one of you*. Follow up every conversion of individuals or numbers recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, and you find invariably that the very first thing required after a confession of belief in Christ, was baptism. Now in view of these facts is it not stating the case entirely too mildly to say that "some such profession seems to have been required"?'

'I confess,' said my legal friend, 'that I had never put these facts together in this way. And I am surprised to see how generally so small a matter appears to be insisted upon.'

I asked him what reason he had for supposing that it was a small matter.

To this he replied, that of course the great point in religion, was a change of heart, holiness of life. This being

secured, all besides in comparison with this was but a trifle.

I replied in a pleasant way that we of the clergy found that we generally had a double task to perform—first to convince people of a truth, and then prove it to be important. Whereas, it seemed to me that the measure of the importance of any fact or doctrine was that God declared it. And the very fact that anything was insisted upon, placed its importance beyond question. ‘And I must confess,’ said I, ‘that when I find that our Lord, on the most solemn occasion in His ministry, as He was addressing His very last words to His disciples—committing His Church into their hands—commanded them to baptize every person to whom they should preach, and declared, not that he that believed merely, but he that believed and was baptized, should be saved—I cannot but regard this as settling on divine authority, the importance of baptism. So that instead of saying “some such profession seems to have been required,” I should say that such profession was held of so great importance that no person was esteemed a Christian who did not make it.’

‘And the same argument,’ said Mr. White, ‘establishes the importance of a visible Church.’

‘Certainly,’ said I. ‘Baptism was the initiation into the visible Church. All converts to Christianity were required to be baptized. Therefore all converts to Christianity were required to be members of the visible Church.’

I observed a look of annoyance on the face of the good woman, Mrs. West. Of course what I had said could not be disputed, but a favorite theme with her, had been that all that God required was a surrender of heart and soul to Him. That done, the converted one had no need to trouble himself about Church, ministry, or

sacraments, except as mere collateral considerations—things useful and strengthening perhaps, in their way, but of no essential importance. We do not like to have our favorite opinions called in question.

With special reference therefore to her, and in the hope of bringing out from her a remark which would lead the conversation for the rest of the evening in the direction which I wished it to take, I said

‘Of course it is presumed that we all understand that the object of Baptism to the individual is his benefit spiritually. And this may be said of all ordinances of religion.’

‘Then I would ask,’ said Mrs. West, ‘is it not true that there are thousands who are called church members who are no better for their Baptism? And can such be regarded in the sight of God, as members of the true Church?’

‘A tree,’ I replied, ‘may have dead branches. But it is still a tree, and the life and the sap may be there, though branch after branch may fall and die.’

‘But it seems to me,’ she replied, ‘that the object of a Church should be the promotion of holiness, and when it ceases to do that, it ceases to be a Church.’

‘Nor are you so far out of the way,’ said I. ‘But a well known example illustrates this. We may say of the Jewish Church, that its aim was to preserve the knowledge of God, and bring its members to obedience of His laws. This was the object, so far as each individual was concerned. Now what means did God take to accomplish that object? Did He simply make a revelation of His will and command people to obey? No, that had been tried before; and the race became apostate, and was swept away by a flood. Here then was the divine method, a people set apart by cove-



nant, with its outward and visible sign. This people became an outward and visible Church. But the members of it did not all attain the blessings. Thousands upon thousands perished in the wilderness on account of their rebellion. At times the nation became corrupt, worse than any portion of the Christian Church ever was, and yet all the while, there, inside of that outward and visible Church, was the only way of salvation for the Jew.

'But was not that Church,' she asked, 'at length rejected for its wickedness?'

'Unquestionably,' said I, 'as any portion of the Christian Church would be, should it become apostate. But for all that, God has ordained the Christian Church as the chosen race, the covenant people in union with which we are to seek salvation—the company, outside of which there is no promise of salvation. We may seek salvation elsewhere in vain.'

'Ah, but,' interposed Mr. Stiles, 'we speak of the *Holy* Catholic Church—the *holy* Church throughout the world. Does that describe a Church which itself may be in error, and many of whose members may be leading corrupt lives?'

'The word *holy*,' said I, 'as applied to the Christian Church, was never designed as a description of each member of it. It was founded for a holy object. Holiness is its law; and all its ordinances are for the promotion of the piety of its members. The same was true, though to a less degree, of the Jewish Church. And so with all their faults, rebellions, backslidings, idolatries, and apostacies, they were still called *holy*, the chosen people, the people of the Lord. But turn to the Old Testament Scriptures, and see how tenderly God, speaking through the prophets, proclaims His love for Israel—the beloved of the

Lord—elect, chosen, precious, dear in His sight. No parent ever yearned over a child with such expressions of love and fondness as those which proclaim the regard of the Almighty for that people who were rebellious and idolatrous, who seemed incapable of profiting by the lessons of experience, or of repenting or reforming under judgments, or being won by mercies. Of that "elect" people, thousands upon thousands perished under the divine anger. Still it was God's Church, and each individual member was in a covenant relationship with Him, and any Jew who should refuse on account of the corruption of that Church, to retain his connection with it, would come under the curse of God.'

'If then the Jewish Church was thus spoken of, need we be surprised to find the Christian Church, notwithstanding its confessed defects, in like manner mentioned in terms which indicate its object and purpose, and the affection of the Lord for it. Its object is to prepare men for citizenship in heaven. Hence it is called the Kingdom of God, the Kingdom of Heaven, the Body of Christ, the Bride of Christ, the Lord's Vineyard, the Mountain of the Lord, the Pillar and Ground of the Truth, the City of God, the Jerusalem which is from Above.'

'But I did not suppose,' said Mr. Stiles, 'that these expressions referred to the outward society, but to the invisible Church.'

'You will observe,' I said, 'that not infrequently where the Church or a portion of it is addressed as elect, called, sanctified, or holy, the Apostle in the same epistle, and not infrequently in the same chapter, proceeds to rebuke the unworthy members of it. No, we must regard the outward and visible Church of Christ as a school in which souls are to be educated for heaven. In it are the means of grace.

With it Christ has promised to be to the end of the world. Against it He has declared the gates of hell shall not prevail. So that while individual members may lose their souls, yet if we would seek salvation, we must do it within the pale of that Church.'

'Well then,' said Mr. Purdon, 'while the Church is an outward and visible society of Christians, is every outward

and visible society of Christians a Church? I understand that Episcopalians deny this.'

'My object this evening,' I replied, 'has been to show that Christ established a visible Church, and the necessity of belonging to it. At our next meeting we can talk about *the* visible Church.'

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

### WEEDS IN WINTER.

Across the level, waste and grey,  
I wandered late, one wintry day,  
And marked the gaunt, uncemely weeds—  
Their yawning pods bereft of seeds—  
That rose like ghosts beside the way.

The golden-rod, grey-haired and bent,  
That once its cheerful sunshine lent  
To many a hazy A. tumn morn,  
Now of its gilded glory shorn,  
A shrunken, shuffling pauper went

The rough wild carrot's tangled air  
In bristling tufts clung here and there;  
The ragged leaves, poor shrivelled things,  
Waved to and fro, like spectral wings,  
Or hung forlorn in mute despair.

Amid the Summer's triumphs past  
Who had such fate as this forecast?  
That here, beset by snow and rain,  
Their skeletons should all remain  
To rustle in each icy blast.

The morning dawned—again I came,  
But lo, the scene was not the same.  
Trans-formed by frost and sun, each weed,

Forlorn before, was now indeed  
A very queen, in all but name.

Entranced I could but stand and gaze  
Upon the strange unwonted blaze,  
For on each once dismantled stem  
There shone a glittering diadem  
With all its thousand flashing rays.

The scorned wild-carrot's bristling hair  
Did now a crown of beauty bear;  
While born to fill a lofty place,  
The golden-rod with stately grace  
Did all its shining honors wear.

Each twig with brilliants crusted o'er,  
Aloft a jewelled goblet bore,  
And every rent and ragged leaf  
Was cased within a diamond sheath—  
Unightly, worthless weeds no more!

And this the lesson of my rhyme—  
That not in any land or clime  
Are things so poor and homely found  
They may not be with splendor crown'd  
In Nature's own appointed time.

C. P. V. W.

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

### NEGLECT OF CHURCH LITERATURE BY THE LAITY.

The neglect of the literature of their Church by a great portion of the laity of our communion, has been a matter of observation and comment by many, both within and without the Church.

A manifest absence of the various Church publications, and also of our periodical literature, from so many of the homes of our people, with no other apparent reason than a want of interest in them, has doubtless often

caused both the clergyman and intelligent layman to feel that there is considerable ground for this charge of neglect.

This neglect of the literature of the Church is not alone, or even specially, confined to the poor of our communion, or those possessed of only moderate means; but is equally noticeable among the intelligent and wealthy. It is not a justifiable inference that those



in question are less a reading people than the members of other religious bodies; as, aside from the question of education and literary tastes, it is easily disproved by their familiarity with general literature—history, poetry, fiction, and science—and their patronage of the various secular journals, magazines, and reviews.

This neglect, which is owing neither to excessive worldliness nor to indifference, is the less excusable, as fortunately there is no lack of works especially adapted to the needs of the laity for edification and instruction, written in a style easily comprehended by all, and many of them by the finest minds of the Church. The excellent volumes of sermons; works on the polity, doctrine, and history of the Church; works of a devotional character, and those relating to the practical duties of the Christian life, which, with a little direction from the clergy, could easily be obtained—would place within their possession a mine from which they would draw treasures of inestimable value.

It is a matter of regret that we so seldom see works of this kind in the libraries and upon the centre-tables of our cultivated laymen. The Church is certainly shorn of a great element of power and efficiency in the world by this disregard, on the part of her sons and daughters, of the means of becoming more thoroughly-furnished laborers, better fitted to discharge their individual duties in the kingdom of Christ. There is not only a neglect by the laity to possess themselves of the class of works mentioned, but there appears a general absence of knowledge as to their existence.

It was once remarked to the writer by an extensive dealer in books in one of our large cities, that the people of the Episcopal Church seemed not to know of their Church literature; that

the demand for the religious publications of their Church, was so slight as not to pay him for keeping them on hand as a part of his stock. This limited demand of our people for their Church literature, compared with the demand by other Christian bodies for the publications of their respective denominations, was evidently unaccountable to him, as it has doubtless been to many others.

The writer has observed again and again, in the homes of members of the various religious denominations, how general is the possession of a few—in some instances of a number—of the standard works of their great theological writers. Although there is doubtless not less faith in, and appreciation of, the teachings and services of the Church by our laity, than is exhibited by the laity of the various denominations for their own systems of faith and worship, yet there is probably less familiarity with her general literature than is possessed by other religious bodies with their own.

The Church cannot, as indeed she does not, duly appreciate the rich legacies of sacred thought, specially adapted to the needs of the laity, which have been and are constantly coming to her in the writings of her scholars, divines and laymen—results of minds richly furnished with learning, yet full of the Spirit of Christ.

To those unaccustomed to delve among those mines of consecrated literature, there are vast unknown stores of spiritual wealth. The devout Churchman may find in this consecrated lore the ripened fruits of lives of cultured and holy thought, hanging in rich, Eschol clusters, upon many a page—works in which appear evidences of lives of hallowed fellowship with the Master, which reveal many an Emmaus journey, many a Bethany scene, many a Tabor's glory.

A reason for the neglect of the literature of the Church upon the ground of the absorbing cares and duties of business or professional life, would possess greater force if many of our busy laymen, besides the daily newspaper, the technical or professional journal, were not observed devoting themselves with much assiduity, during their leisure hours, to the various secular periodicals and works of general literature.

The same lamentable apathy appears also to be exhibited by the wives, sisters, and daughters of the family, as by the busy husbands, brothers, and sons.

A more valid reason, however, for this general want of interest in our Church literature on the part of the laity, may doubtless be found in the spiritual satisfaction which they find in the services and ordinances of the Church. The elements of instruction and worship so admirably combined in her Liturgy—the various holy days and seasons of the Christian year, as sweeping round in their annual circle, they flash their jewelled light upon the soul—these gems of the great doctrinal truths of the Gospel, which ever glitter in her Calendar, cause the members of our communion to rely less upon preaching and the other means of instruction, as contained in the religious literature of the Church. The calm, steady training of the Church, free from periodical seasons of excitement, not exaggerating one truth or class of truths to the exclusion or neglect of others, not fostering a spirit of investigation at the expense of a reverent worship—all these elements of religious culture enjoyed by those reared within her fold, tend to produce a serene faith, instead of a condition of restless doubt and anxious investigation. Having been instructed from their earliest years in the prin-

ciples of the faith, as held and taught by the Church, and finding them to accord with their ideas of divine truth—accustomed to her liturgical methods from childhood, and finding in the use of them a satisfying expression of their worship of God—there is less regard paid to attacks upon the Church's doctrine and worship.

There is little disposition for the devout laity to feel an absorbing interest in the storms and floods of controversy which rage around that house, which they believe, at least, is founded upon a rock; but little heed given to scoffs at her worship and ordinances, which they feel have long met their spiritual wants, and furnished them with such blessed aids to a life of personal consecration.

This laudable feeling, that for the laity the Church in her appointed services of worship and instruction meets all necessary requirements, is evidently indulged to the neglect of the many valuable aids to instruction, comfort, and devotion afforded by our Church literature. He is manifestly neglecting a positive duty who neglects to avail himself of these valued accessories, in depriving himself of a great means of spiritual strength.

The earnest and pious laity who are really anxious to avail themselves of these helps in the Christian life, will find a rich and varied repository from which to choose. A number of the ablest minds of the Church have prepared for their special use many excellent works on Church Polity, History, and Liturgies; many excellent works of biblical knowledge; many valuable commentaries for the English reader, as the one known as the Speaker's Commentary, and especially the one edited by Bishop Ellicott, which, full of the spirit of devotion and practical suggestion, as well as the results of sound and accurate



scholarship, cannot fail to render the Word of God doubly precious to the devout layman. We may also here refer to the choice works of Dean Goulbourn, whose writings it is impossible to overestimate.

The present also demands a diligent use of those works of Christian defence furnished by her armory. The works of an impious press everywhere abound—a literature full of the skepticism and rationalistic tendencies of the age, and the materialism which characterizes much of the philosophy of the times; having much to say of the uniformity of law, but scorning the idea of a personal God, of prayer or individual responsibility to Him. This literature is being thrust upon the attention of the reading public. Its specious, plausible arguments, many of which have been refuted again and again, arrest the attention of our people, suggest doubts, and even, if not causing positive unbelief, are at least liable to beget an apathy in regard to religious duty, and a habit of thinking and speaking lightly of the Bible and holy things.

It is of the highest importance that the young men of our communion, and those within reach of the Church's influence, who have been thus disturbed in any degree, should be fortified against the wily seductions and unwarrantable conclusions set forth in a literature permeated with such deadly virus, by those valuable works—works written for laymen both in religion and science, by those eminently qualified to speak, which may confirm their faith, solve their doubts, and fit them to successfully parry many a thrust of skepticism and infidelity. Among the many excellent works adapted to this class of readers, we may mention, as having been found by experience especially useful to many, a valuable pamphlet by Prof. W. D. Wilson of Cor-

nell, entitled "A Few Words with Scientific Men"; Bishop Clark's "Primary Truth"; and a most excellent little work—one which cannot be too highly commended—by the Rev. G. S. Drew, entitled "Reasons for Faith," published in London, but obtainable in this country. By a few works of this kind, we may remove doubts from the minds of many not wilfully unbelieving, really anxious to believe, but who suffer from the disease of doubt, without knowing the remedy which may so easily be placed within their reach.

We cannot avoid the feeling that the clergy too much overlook this important duty of their spiritual office—the bringing to the notice of the laity, and urging upon them the duty of a more diligent acquaintance with the literature of their Church; a more diligent study of those proofs which would enable them to give a reason for the hope that is within them; a diligent use of those aids which may render them intelligent readers of the Word of God, and more appreciative hearers of a preached Gospel.

One of the most important duties of the minister of the Church as a divinely-appointed teacher and pastor of the flock of Christ, must certainly be their edification and instruction by these important agencies at his command. We might then hope that the pastoral work of the ministry would become something more than a matter of formal calls—a valuable adjunct to his labors in the chancel and the pulpit. We might reasonably believe that the attendance of men upon our services would be largely increased, as they would certainly be found more attentive hearers. There would be far less confusion, indefiniteness, and error in relation to the fundamental doctrines of Christianity; a far more adequate equipment for the

duties of the Sunday-school, and all other departments of Christian activity and usefulness; and lastly, the means of arriving at a life of higher and holier fellowship with God.

WM. F. DICKINSON, M.D.

[From The Evening Post.]

### GOD AND HIS FLOWERS.

The flowers of many climates  
That bloom all seasons through  
Met in a stately garden  
Bright with the morning dew.

For praise and loving worship  
The Lord they came to meet;  
Her box of precious ointment  
The Rose broke at His feet.

The Passion-Flower His symbols  
Wore fondly on her breast;  
She spoke of self-denial  
As what might please Him best.

The Morning-Glories fragile,  
Like infants soon to go,  
Had dainty toy-like trumpets,  
And praised the Master so.

"His word is like to honey,"  
The Clover testified,  
"And all who trust Thy promise  
Shall in Thy love abide."

The Lilies said "O trust Him,  
We neither toil nor spin,  
And yet His house of beauty,  
See how we enter in!"

The King-cup and her kindred  
Said "Let us all be glad;  
Of His redundant sunshine,  
Behold how we are clad."

"And let us fellow Jesus,"  
The Star of Bethlehem said;  
And all the band of flowers  
Bent down with reverent head.

The glad Sunflower answer'd,  
And little Daisies bright,  
And all the cousin Asters,  
"We follow toward the light!"

"We praise Him for the mountains,"  
The Alpine Roses cried;  
"We bless Him for the valleys,"  
The Violets replied.

"We praise Him," said the Air-plant,  
"For breath we never lack";  
"And for the rocks we praise Him,"  
The Lichens answered back.

"We praise God for the waters,"  
The gray Sea-mosses sighed;  
And all His baptized Lilies  
"Amen! Amen!" replied.

"And now for the green, cool woodlands,  
We praise and thanks return,"  
Said Kalmias and Azaleas,  
And graceful Feathery Fern.

"And for the wealth of gardens  
And all the gard'ner thinks,"  
Said Roses and Camellias,  
And all the sweet-breath'd Pinks.

"Hosannah in the highest,"  
The Baby-Bluetts sang;  
And little trembling Harebells  
With softest music rang.

"The Winter hath been bitter,  
The sunshine follows storm,  
Thanks for His loving-kindness  
The earth's great heart is warm."

So said the pilgrim May-Flower  
That cometh after snow,  
The humblest and the sweetest  
Of all the flowers that blow.

"Thank God for every weather,  
The sunshine and the wet,"  
Spoke out the cheerful Pansies,  
And darling Mignonette.

And then the sun descended,  
The heavens were all aglow;  
The little Morning-Glories  
Had faded long ago.

And now the bright Day-Lilies  
Their love watch ceased to keep—  
"He giveth," said the Poppies,  
"To His beloved sleep."

The gray of evening deepened,  
The soft wind stirred the corn,  
When sudden in the garden  
Another flower was born.

It was the Evening-Primrose—  
Her sisters followed fast;  
With perfumed lips they whispered,  
"Thank God for night at last."

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

### THE CITY TO THE COUNTRY.

FEB. 27TH, 1880.—I cannot sit in silence under the imputation that we in the city cannot note the changing times and seasons as accurately as you who live in the country.

To be sure, there are many obstacles in the way of a very close observation of nature in our immediate vicinity; but that only obliges us to do our utmost with our very limited opportu-



nities, and the result of my observation is that I can now give you good and sufficient reasons for my belief that Spring is at hand.

I pass over the shrill cry of the horse-radish women, as a premonitory symptom, because, owing to the unusually mild season, they have been on hand (perhaps I should say *on foot*) nearly every week of the Winter, and the size of their baskets would lead one to infer an enormous consumption of that invigorating vegetable on the part of our population.

For the same reason, I omit the orange and banana venders, whose daily chant has become a weariness, suggesting, as it does, visions of the juvenile crowd who are being educated to a steady diet of unripe fruit.

The organ-grinders, also, who used to come forth with the first mild day, seem never to have quite disappeared from our streets; while the eye has become familiar with the sight of green peas, strawberries, and fresh cucumbers, for some weeks past.

So, as you perceive, we have had music and feasting pretty much all the Winter, and well for us if we do not have shivering and lamentation a little further on; as if pie-plant and lettuce in February were not enough to provoke Winter into lingering in the lap of Spring, in return for the early vegetables which she throws in his face.

Neither should I mention the flowers that one now sees by the wayside (in the *city*, you understand), except to tell you of the pleasure they gave us upon a recent occasion, when strolling past a florist's window in Broadway, above Twentieth street, where the display was such that one longed for all one's friends to share the sight. Roses, not of the pale, languid sort one is accustomed to see in green-houses, but strong-stemmed, broad-

leafed Summer roses—brilliant red, deep pink, and snowy white; dewy clusters of mignonette and violets, sparkling pansies, delicate Persian lilacs and lilies of the valley, gorgeous tulips and hyacinths, double scarlet anemones (rare even in a florist's window), and most conspicuous of all, great bunches of the common yellow daffodil.

We looked and longed, and then following the example of some companions, stole in, to regale our noses and ask questions, with the faint hope of indulging in a handful of daffodils. But twenty-five cents apiece being the modest price demanded, we bethought ourselves that the unpleasant odor of the blossoms was quite sufficient to overpower the rush of associations which the sight of them always provokes, and were content to leave them as we found them—smiling on the passers-by, apparently in ignorance that their brightness had been enhanced by a money-value.

No; as far as such things go, the denizens of the city might easily make a mistake in their dates. But to-day I have seen what foretells the approach of Spring still more decidedly, and that was what seemed at a first glance to be a very untidy strip of pavement, but a second and closer inspection of the tiny particles with which it was strewn, revealed the fallen elm-blossoms from a row of young trees lining the way; and since then I have seen earth-worms—veritable, wriggling earth-worms—in the small areas of earth between the trees and the flag-stones.

As earth-worms and elm-blossoms are not a frequent occurrence in February, I hasten to acquaint you with the fact, and feel withal slightly elated at having discovered even these symptoms of Spring in the very limited space traversed in my daily walks.

I say nothing of the gauzy fabrics for Summer wear displayed by the dry goods merchants and milliners, because my reports are to embrace only natural objects; otherwise my letter would be almost endless.

KELAH.

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

## IN THE COUNTRY.



PERHAPS it is imprudent to sit with open windows so early in the season, but who can be so dull and prosaic as to think of prudence when all the air is musical with the twitter and song of a thousand birds. A perfect Spring day, with soft, mild air, and a pale blue sky above, is not the time to talk sagely of health, and to take wise precautions. It is a time to enjoy being, when we can say, as night comes on, "To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day."

The pleasant, busy stir of Spring-time has fairly begun. Cackle, cackle, cackle, go the hens all the morning long, and the farmer's wife gathers in a harvest of fresh-laid eggs. Half a dozen hens with ruffled feathers cluck on nests full of eggs. They are very cross, and seem to feel themselves very important, these feathered dames. There were seven of them yesterday, but this morning one of their number walked off with ten animated balls of down, which peeped and peeped, as if their lives depended on the amount of noise which each one made. They are very pretty, but very stupid, little things. Why will they continue to put their tiny red feet in their drinking-cup, I wonder, and walk on the warm food prepared for them, and then lift their heads, asking with piteous peeps for more? These little bundles of soft feathers, with their yellow

bills, seem to be endowed with insatiable appetites, however. Even in baby-hood this little black fellow gives promise, by his pompous ways, of being in time king of the yard. His capacity for corn-meal and warm water is truly enormous when one considers his size.

And still the wonder grew  
That one small chick could hold enough for two.

The continual cluck of the mother hen is kept up all day long, and mingles not unpleasantly with the sound of the rake and the spade in the garden. There are many things going on in that department just at this time. The gardener has been busy all the morning, preparing the beds, and now he is giving directions about the planting of the peas. As there is no breeze to interfere, he thinks it a good time to sow the grass seed on the lawn; he announced this intention while the family were standing on the piazza taking an after-dinner survey of the weather, and the little chipping sparrow, who was eaves-dropping from the leafless rose-vine just overhead, heard the news, I dare say, for he could not resist giving a loud trill of joy. Fun for the birds, this sowing of grass seed is. Now that it is over, our little lawn is the centre of attraction. There are the chipping sparrows, the cat-birds, the robins, the blue-birds, and a numberless company of English sparrows—the ever-present sparrows, who twitter and flutter, beg and steal, but sing not a note. They are unlovable birds in spite of their cunning little ways, which one may watch all Winter, when the robins and the



cat-birds and their friends have all gone South.

As far as the sparrows are concerned, the rest of the birds might go South and stay there; they would be glad to have them, and are doing their best to aid the hunters in driving them away from our fields and woods, which for so many years they have occupied in peace and happiness.

May the hunters and the sparrows be long in routing them.

April is a month beloved by poets. There is something poetical in the very name, the word April being from the verb "aperire," to open. It speaks itself of the opening buds and the shooting forth of fresh vegetation everywhere. One cannot take a step out of doors and remain insensible of the great changes which are going on in the world; and when one knows these changes are going on, how can one stay within and let them pass unnoticed.

There is so much to see, so much to learn. The most beautiful page in all the book of nature is just being turned. Any one who will may look on all the beauties which are daily being revealed.

The grass is growing greener and greener, and flowers are budding. Ferns are uncurling themselves and thrusting their heads out from under their Winter coverings, and the changeable ways of April—its showers and its sunshine, its winds and its quiet hours—all seem to give health and life, and one may almost believe happiness, to the newly springing plants. It seems but natural that they should like these changeable ways. Variety is the very essence of pleasure to youth always.

I have read somewhere that when the task of drawing a sled up-hill overbalances the pleasure of sliding down on it, that the boy to whom it has become so is no longer a boy—his child-

hood has ended. In the same way it might be said that whenever a change in one's surroundings ceases to bring with it some spice of pleasure, and perfect quiet is desired, youth has fled. But why, when everything is bright and beautiful without, should I set any one to thinking whether youth for them has forever gone? It is a thought too sad for to-day. Indeed, one must have travelled far in the regions of melancholy thoughts, who cannot put them away now, and say with our beloved poet, whose words, however often repeated, are always as fresh and new as an April day—

"Gentle Spring, in sunshine clad  
Well dost thou thy power display;  
For Winter maketh the light heart sad,  
And thou, thou makest the sad heart gay."

I have said that this was a month loved by the poets. By a poet I mean "One who gives expression to what others feel."

"Hark, that sweet carol! with delight  
We leave the stifling room;  
The little blue-bird greets our sight;  
Spring, glorious Spring, has come!  
The south wind's balm is in the air,  
The melting snow-wreaths everywhere  
Are leaping off in showers,  
And nature, in her brightening looks,  
Tells that her flowers, and leaves, and brooks,  
And birds, will soon be ours."

The poet might have been in this very spot on this very day, when he wrote these lines, so true are they to what one must feel here in the country.

Mr. Whittier calls this beautiful month the "noon of the Spring-time," and so it really is. The violets are budding, not blossoming, and in the house the fires are burning low, but they are burning still. If one does find the woods and fields the pleasantest in the day-time, still the warm rooms are the best when the night-winds blow.

The nights have lost their intense stillness; even when the wind is blowing it does not have things all its own

way, for there is the continual pipe of the frogs in the pond over among the hills, and now and then is heard from the distant woods

"The plaint of the wailing whip-poor-will,  
Who moans unseen and ceaseless sings,  
Ever a note of wail and woe,  
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,  
And earth and sky in her glances glow."

There is something sweet as well as sad in the note of this bird, and one who hears his piteous, sweet, continuous strain, must learn sooner or later to listen to it with something akin to pleasure. He seems to tell of his lonely life in the most secluded parts of the thick woods, and to tell it in the only strain he knows—one of strange, weird loveliness. But how can even the whip-poor-will elicit pity for spending his time in the woods at this season; for that is where the delicate ferns are shooting up, and the pale liverwort flowers are in their prime; where the violets—yellow, blue, and white—are lifting their heads from the damp earth, to glance at the warm Spring sunlight—the sunlight that comes out so suddenly and so brightly after the daily showers, and covers every twig with sparkling diamond drops.

Not alone in the woods are the flowers growing; delicate croci, yellow and purple, make the garden-beds gay; and in the window-garden, which has been but a sad reminder of Summer greenery all Winter, everything seems suddenly to have burst into bloom. The colosseum ivy droops gracefully from the hanging baskets, and its tiny purple flowers are almost hidden in the mass of leaves which the energetic money-vine has lately put forth. Three gorgeous red blossoms have opened on the top of the long stem of the amaryllis, and the little white petunia has modestly lifted its head beside its gay neighbor. The azalea is covered with buds and blossoms, and the geraniums, not to be

outdone, have put on their best attire, to welcome the Spring-time. They all love it, this beautiful Spring sunshine, this changeful, charming month; every one loves it, loves it as one does a pretty, wilful child, forgiving its follies and mischievous ways, forgiving and forgetting everything but the happiness it brings. Truly, if there is "a time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to mourn and a time to dance," this is the time to laugh and to dance. Blue sky and warm Spring sunshine, bursting buds and gentle zephyrs, all provoke rejoicing and merriment, and perhaps even folly. I do not say this as putting forth any new idea; the world has thought and felt the same for years past.

Did not our forefathers, centuries and centuries ago, change the feast of All Fools from December or the 1st of January or thereabouts (historians differ on this as on almost every other point so far back in past ages) to April 1st! Thanks to them for it; and now even the oldest and gravest man among us may, when the childlike April days bring to him again the feeling of youth, play his jokes and feel himself a school-boy once more.

"April the first stands marked by custom's rules,  
A day for being and for making fools."

One cannot but resent the taint of sarcasm which makes the old poet add,

"Not any custom or rule supplies  
A day for making, or for being wise."

KATHARINE M. MARCH.

Mgr. Capel, one of the most noted of the Papal emissaries in England, has lately become bankrupt. He was the Mgr. Catesby in "Lothair," and has accumulated a large quantity of exceedingly rare art treasures, all of which, including his private chapel arrangements, have been brought to the hammer.



[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

## SPRING IN ROME.

## II.

In these days, when lectures on archæology draw large audiences, and fashion prefers the works of Di Cesnola and Dr. Schliemann to the latest romance, Rome, the common storehouse of the intellectual energy of ages, becomes for us an intellectual centre. Few cities offer finer opportunities for serious work, whether one is seeking inspiration from the spirit of beauty in the broad realm of art, or the noble repose necessary for philosophic labors; while from its prostrate columns and overthrown temples, the historian may find out nations and model heroes, and scholars learn to interpret Plato, Homer, and Aristotle.

In the outlying districts, what peaceful solitudes, what tenderness of sky, what marvellous harmonies of color! Besides, what beauty of atmospheric effects, how lustrous the air, and what a clustering wealth of purple and gold chasing the shifting shadows of striding aqueducts and massive arches! The purely picturesque offers few richer episodes than a Roman wall, with its square towers and broad, angular shadows; its sun, and storm-toned surface, brilliant with a tangled network of ivy and violets; and few sweeter or tenderer than the long grassy stretches of the Campagna, with their sunny stillness, their easy-changing undulations, and their veiled distances, in which the imagination finds its choicest opportunities.

To the dreamy contemplative, there are no more winsome sounds than the, gentle-voiced winds of the Campagna, freighted with sad, stately refrains; they seem to come from the homes of the solitary, the always desolate, or some remote distance of time and memory over which melancholy broods. Melancholy is a prominent tone in the scale of sounds throughout all Southern Italy. If to the universal symphony of the winds

is added an intenser note, the voice of the nightingale, it is only a gain to the general disembodied pathos, the unseen pouring itself out in song; for although the voice seems a "hundred-throated," and fills the air with its ringing melodies, one seldom sees the bird himself.

Would the traveller test the fruitful suggestiveness of the near neighborhoods of Rome, let him, some fine morning in early Spring, drive out of the Porta San Sebastiano. The road thence—the old Via Appia—has its origin within the modern gate, near the now well-authenticated site of the Porta Capena, where Cicero was received on his return from banishment, and where the survivor of the Horatii met and slew his sister. No trace remains of the group of temples, frequently mentioned by the Latin poets as standing near the Porta Capena.

Nature is nowhere so generous as in Italy. From the semi-circular towers of the modern gate of San Sebastiano, hang masses of verdure; and just without, in the once place of the first Roman milestone, dense patches of cyclamen and forget-me-nots, half hidden in shade, exhale a mixed mist of purple and blue. The lights and shadows on the Alban Hills, so exquisite in tone and rapidly changing, so deliciously fantastic when they chance to touch some white village or gray tower, excite enthusiasm even in the most phlegmatic; while in their soft, free-flowing lines, one may see what is meant by the Italian-classic in landscape. And if the eye follow the curves down to the sunny level of the fields, it will have the mellowest of the mellow backgrounds of Claude. If one happen to meet a contadino in long cloak and peaked hat, with a counterpart whose eyes are brilliant, cheeks glowing, and smile intense, and listens for a moment to his liquid, open-vowelled utterances, it

will not detract from the supreme effect.

Despite the increasing beauty of the road as it recedes from the city walls, one cannot put to flight the host of associations that crowd upon him while traversing the route of this great historic Via. Near the gate, in the space on the left, is the supposed site of the Temple of Mars, where the armies entering Rome in triumph used to halt—the last being that of Marc Antonio Colonna, after the battle of Lepanto. What an impressive serenity overhangs each melancholy detail of broken fragment or nameless monument! As the eye wanders over the far-strewn wilderness of classic interests, the strongest impression is the irrevocable impermanence of all ambitions and empires. The gloomy influence of the thought is not lessened by the knowledge that the splendor of polished marble, artfully-wrought friezes, and superb bas-reliefs, has been transferred to modern churches and palaces—the intended-to-be-lasting memorials of the illustrious dead stolen to gratify the momentary greed of the living! On every hand the odor of Spring blossoms overcomes that of mouldering tombs, the bright hues of the former lending a welcome cheerfulness to the heavy Latinity of the latter. Here we see a dwelling reared from the dilapidations of sepulchres; there a group of trees, with broad-spreading branches, crowns a burial mound, and a little further a tower stands on a tomb-hillock, the slopes of which are covered with the lustrous green of laurels, intermixed with broken urns.

To the sensuous ear the air of the Appian Way seems charged with a strange, indistinct murmur, a recognized suggestiveness that, breaking the long night of the slumberers, recalls them to legendary activities; even the rising breeze tunes itself to the plaintive voice of the past. We hear a mournful sound, a funeral dirge; we see a dead body upon

a bier strewn with flowers—it is clad in festal robes, and about it are the gifts of those who loved the departed. The funeral pile is wreathed with ivy, the bier is placed upon it; there is an odor of spices and sweet-smelling ointments, and the torch is applied. Again there is weeping and lamentation and voices singing. Meanwhile the heaped-up pile, turning to ashes, sinks to the level of the bystanders; golden wine extinguishes the embers. All that remains is gathered and reverently deposited in an urn, and those who mourn the dead, depart saying "Salve! Ave! Vale!" Quite unlike is the modern manner of Le Moyne, who, with his close brick furnace, seems to have eliminated all sentiment from cremation.

The most interesting of the Catacombs of the Via Appia is the one known as St. Calixtus. Burying the dead instead of burning them was a distinguishing feature of primitive Christianity, its disciples keeping in remembrance that their "Lord was laid in a tomb hewn out of a rock." During the reign of Trajan and the Antonines these sepulchre caverns were the rallying-point of those whose lives were a "spectacle to men and angels," and who, being dead, yet live in the far-spread triumph of that faith which teaches one to love his enemies, to bless and not curse, to even kiss the hand that smites. The walls of St. Calixtus are lined with tombs of saints and martyrs, few of them more notable in life or death than St. Cecilia. The cubiculum in which her body was found—six hundred years after burial, fresh and perfect as when laid there—has an altar; also other features belonging to a chapel. Formerly a light was kept burning before the shrine, and mass was celebrated there on certain anniversaries. A more solemn service can hardly be conceived than a mass at midnight in the Catacombs; but such celebrations are no longer permitted.

The paintings of the Catacombs



have small merit as works of art, whatever they may be as illustrations of faith and doctrine. The favorite subject was evidently that of the Good Shepherd, and probably was so because it embraces the whole spirit of the Christian religion. Its origin is undoubtedly Greek, if it is not simply an adaptation of the Greek statue "Mercury carrying a goat"; indeed, in several paintings the "Good Shepherd" is represented as carrying a goat.

The prospect, as one descends into the valley toward San Sebastiano, is charming. Showers of golden sparkles play in the air, revealing delectable tints, and deepening the individual color of each picturesque effect, splendid hints to the questioning fancy of an artist. But the mellow brilliancy is tainted with mortality; there are tombs on either hand, and beneath the basilica are "cœmeterium ad catacumbas." These were open and frequented by pilgrims as late as the fifteenth century. The wealth of the church consists in some ancient granite columns, the so-called original footprints of the Saviour from Domino Ino Vadis, and a fine statue of the saint, which represents him as a youth clad in armor; it was designed by Bernini.

It would seem as if tourists had written away and artists sketched away all interest in the fortress-like monument of Cæcilia Metella, so constantly do we see it represented in books, albums, and portfolios. But its grand proportions, mantled with the light elegance of Spring flowers, its marble frieze decorated with fine bas-reliefs, and the exquisite correspondence of its magnificence with the sentiment that reared it, have a charm that is indescribable and unsketchable. Near the fourth milestone Seneca was put to death by Nero's order; whether the ruin near by, with the bas-relief representing the murder of Atys by Adrastus, formed a part of his tomb, is still

a question for the antiquary. The ruin Casole Rotondo, a mausoleum transformed into a fortress by the Orsini, is supposed to be the tomb of Messala Corvinus, the poet, and a friend of Horace.

The view beyond the tombs has the Sabine Hills and the distant, lonely Soracte for a background, while for its nearer charms are the silver meshes of wandering streamlets and the sinuous lines of arches framed in rank muffles of verdure. In the atmosphere there is a peculiarly beautiful violet tone, and a something almost sentient seems to throb in the pulsations of light, an echo from the mighty past, the tread of the notable processions that once passed along the road; now it is the funeral cortège of Augustus carrying him back to his imperial palace on the Palatine, and now it is the procession bearing back to Rome the body of Sylla, "in a gilt litter, with royal ornaments, trumpets before him, and horsemen behind." Amid all wavering traditions the story of "Paul's Journey," as related in the Acts of the Apostles, stands unquestioned and unutilized. The thoughtful believer naturally turns to it as the greatest of all triumphal processions that have passed over the Via Appia, sometimes called the *Sacra Via*. He sees Paul, the teacher, apostle, and prophet, "following his Lord without the gate," attended by soldiers and the motley crowd that made up the stirring life of the Imperial world.

Returning cityward, a short drive brings one to the church of the Three Fountains, which is as curious as the legend connected with it. Having no desire to examine the relics, little fancy for the very melancholy site, and small interest in special localities merely as such, we hurried on to the grand basilica which was reared to commemorate the Apostle's martyrdom, San Paolo Fuori Le Mura. The ancient structure which had been used uninterruptedly for Christian

worship nearly fifteen centuries, was destroyed by fire in 1823. Gregory Sixteenth at once commenced its restoration, and Pius Ninth completed the interior in 1854. Entering the church by the transept and looking down the nave, we had some conception of the blindness that fell upon those who witnessed the Transfiguration. The concentrated splendor has an overpowering dazzlingness. Instinctively the hand is raised to shut out the flashing lights of polished marble, alabaster and malachite, porphyry and lapis-lazuli. When our eyes could bear the strong crystal-prismatic-like blaze, we looked in vain for spot or blemish in the wondrous magnificence of rich altars, beautiful chapels and frescoes, well wrought statues, floor of marble superbly jointed and polished, and walls sheathed in richly-veined, variegated marbles. Eighty massive columns, with capitals elegantly carved, separate the nave from the aisles, two, more colossal than the others, supporting an arch over the main altar. The arch is a relic from the old basilica, and has some interesting mosaics and inscriptions, one of the latter commemorating the great Leo who defended Rome against Attila. Roman Catholics believe that the body of the Apostle lies beneath the "Confession" in front of the high altar. An inscription tells us that the ancient altar canopy is enclosed in the modern baldacchino, which rests upon four pillars of Oriental alabaster, the gift of the pasha of Egypt.

In the transept the bewildered eye gets a little respite from polychromatic splendors. The malachite altars, as simple in construction as they are beautiful in material, were presented by the Emperor Nicholas of Russia. We were glad to sit awhile in the soft-toned tranquillity of one of the chapels opening from the transept, where in the richly clustering incidents of the walls, altar, and confessional, we could trace the divers

states of Catholicism, from early pagan bas-reliefs, through the middle ages and the renaissance, to its modern statues by Tenerani and Rinaldi. In the chapel of St. Bridget is preserved the famous crucifix of Pietro Cavallini, which the saint during her ecstatic devotion seemed to hear speak to her.

Before the Reformation the basilica and adjoining convent were under the protection of the kings of England. The ribbon and motto of the Order of the Garter are still seen on the shield of the arms of the monastery. The exterior of the church is far from noteworthy, unless its extreme ugliness makes it notable. The porticoes and arcades of the cloisters have some fine cippolino columns, and the campanile attracts attention because it is said to resemble an ancient pharos. All the surroundings of the structure are in a decidedly minor key. It stands alone on the Campagna, near the banks of the Tiber, desolation having succeeded the beauty of flourishing gardens and suburban villas amid which it once stood. The district is so infested with a malarial pestilence that it is deserted for the greater part of the year. In its solitary grandeur, St. Paul's seems a fit emblem of the formalism, useless luxury, and exaggeration of Romanism as it exists to-day.

Near the gate of St. Paul's, close by the old Aurelian wall, and under the black, sepulchral shadows of the huge Pyramid of Caius Cestus, is the little Protestant burial-ground, where the old and the new in funeral things make a solemn and impressive contrast. Few strangers from Protestant countries fail to visit this lovely spot—so lovely with its thick growing cypresses, its trellises of blooming roses, and immense beds of violets, and over all the clear, tender Roman light! If one is not seeking the grave of friend or kin, he still feels a strangely attracting interest



and sympathy; usually the records on the monuments tell him that those whom they commemorate died young, that they were travellers like himself, or at most only temporary sojourners in Rome. English-speaking visitors find the grave of Keats, with its solitary rose-tree, and read the words written by himself, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water"; also that which contains the heart of Shelley (the body was burned at Lerici). On the recumbent slab, after the name, dates of birth and death, is written:

"Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea change  
Into something rich and strange."

When we saw the grave of the poet, it was bordered with violets, of which the obliging custodian gave us freely, taking us to be English. Papal Rome probably did not see "the fitness of things" when she set apart this spot as the burial-place of Protestants. There seems to be a kind of poetic, if not personal, justice in its location; for those who rest, waiting for the resurrection, so near the soil drenched with the blood of Paul, the apostle and martyr, can hardly be said to be buried in unconsecrated ground.

F. N.

JESUS CHRIST IS BELOVED. Among great men, who are loved? Among warriors—is it Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne? Among sages—Aristotle or Plato? Name me even one, a single man who has died and left love upon his tomb! Mahomet is venerated by Mussulmans, he is not loved. One man alone has gathered from all ages a love which never fails: Jesus Christ is the Sovereign Lord of hearts as He is of minds. . . . . JESUS CHRIST IS ADORED. A man, mortal and dead, He has obtained adoration which still endures, and of which the world offers no other example. What emperor has held his temples and his statues? What has become of all that population of gods created by human adulation? Even their dust exists no longer: Jesus Christ alone remains. . . . And upon what throne do men adore Him? Upon a cross!—*Lacordaire*.

## MID-LENT.

'Tis evensong—in solemn file  
Winds slowly up the central aisle  
The youthful, white-robed choir;  
While through the western windows tall  
The sunset weaves upon the wall  
Quaint tracery as of fire.

The anthem swells upon the air,  
And thrills and trembles everywhere;  
Borne with its echoing wealth  
My very soul to me doth seem  
To float afar, as in a dream,  
And gaze upon myself.

In Satan's toils I feebly strive,  
And seem to turn and twist and writhe  
In vain, to get me free;  
As close upon the border-land,  
Faint, weak and weary, do I stand  
And sigh for all I see—

For worldly pleasures, fair to view,  
And worldly joys that comfort too—  
My poor; weak, sinful soul:  
Who is there that will set me free?  
Who is there will deliver me  
From this dark, dismal dole?

And all around, on every hand  
I see Christ's conquering army stand—  
Each warrior girt with care;  
With flashing shield and armor bright  
Resisting fiercely Satan's might,  
And watching unto prayer.

How shall I ever join again  
Those bristling ranks of earnest men  
From whence I fell away?  
Is there no help for such as I,  
Who cannot from temptation fly  
And never cease to stray?

My shield and spear have gathered rust  
And fallen from me in the dust;  
My helpless hands hang down;  
My feeble knees are all too weak—  
'Tis too much care and toil to seek  
An everlasting crown!

Too weak to pray—too weak to fight!  
No voice to cry, and almost night—

This is the self I see;  
Help me to break these closing chains  
While yet a ray of light remains—  
Lord Jesus, help Thou me!

ANNIE V. AGNEW.

Trinity Church, New York.

A writer in the *Fortnightly Review* says: "The sobriety of the Turk is an exploded tradition. My experience of the Turk of the present day, gained in the course of considerable travel in Southern and Eastern Roumelia, Bulgaria, Macedonia, and Albania, is he drinks more fiery alcohol than even the abused Scotchman. Instead of confining their orgies to the privacy of their own houses, as formerly, Turks both of the upper and lower classes, do not scruple to drink in public."

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

## DAYS WITH AUNT DEBORAH.

## I.

We have the good fortune to be blessed with four elderly relatives—maiden aunts of our father—who live in a quiet New England city, where I am always glad to make an occasional visit; and this I seldom do without acquiring fresh material for thought; for, odd as it may sound, they belong to that class of people who *think*, really *think*, profoundly and deliberately, on all the great questions of the day—an operation which we young, rapid people, seem to have little or no time for, in this busy metropolis.

They keep house by themselves in the family homestead, erected over a hundred years since, and are surrounded by nephews, nieces, and cousins, who are constantly running in and out; to say nothing of a large outside circle of acquaintance. I used to wonder how they managed to secure any privacy at all, till I discovered that for a couple of hours in the afternoon it was an understood thing that they were never to be interrupted, save in cases of extreme urgency; but at all other hours of the day the street-door seems constantly turning on its hinges, so that the old ladies are in no danger of becoming narrow-minded for want of intercourse with their kind.

I say *old* ladies, because I know they *must* be so; and yet they all, with their different tastes and temperaments, enter so fully and heartily into the feelings of the younger generation, that one is constantly tempted to forget the fact.

Aunt Deborah is the oldest, and the head of the family; a pleasant-featured lady, with gray curls, on whom age is just beginning to make itself felt sufficiently to exempt her somewhat from the busy cares of her sisters; but nothing is done without her ad-

vice and counsel, which is even sought by others who are not of the family. And the kind, thoughtful brow, earnest manner, and deliberate, measured speech, as of one who weighed well every word, will long remain in the memories of any who ever held even the briefest intercourse with her.

It is a busy household, for they have been the members of a numerous family, so that interests from various, distant parts of our land centre beneath that ancient roof-tree; and one is never to suppose that the casual morning visitor is always a native of the town limits, for it is a collegiate town, and many a far-away cousin, or college acquaintance of their youthful days, returning to place his own boys at school, finds his way over that old porch-step, with its graceful drapery of fern and fuchsia, arranged by the loving hands of Aunt Phoebe.

But of many pleasant days passed with them, when a school-girl myself, and also in later years, I must tell at some future time; for what I mainly had in mind when I began this paper, was a conversation on an important and much neglected subject, which, though it did not all occur at the same time, began in this wise: A young friend had called during the day to exhibit some elaborate embroidery, which she had lately executed in the highest style of decorative art. A very beautiful and conscientious piece of work, but withal very useless.

After it had been duly admired and commented upon, she withdrew; but I noticed that Aunt Deborah was more than usually silent and thoughtful for the rest of the day; and as we all sat together during the twilight, as was the usual family custom, I was not surprised when, after some desultory



remarks by the others, she suddenly began as follows, in her usual, slow, impressive manner, which, I must remark in passing, is an agreeable change from the rattling style affected by so many people, who converse as if they had but a moment of their valuable time to bestow upon you, and must make the most of it; not so Aunt Deborah, who, laying aside her knitting, folded her hands, and thus oracularly delivered herself:

‘It is getting to be an anxious question; you cannot imagine how constantly I think about it, or how much it disturbs me; but seriously, who is to do the sewing for the next generation?’

Here ensued rather a solemn pause, for no one seemed prepared with an answer; so we sat in silence, each one striving to grasp the subject in all its magnitude, when Aunt Deborah resumed.

‘Every day the subject is presented to me more forcibly, and I cannot help being greatly exercised in my mind about it; for excepting ourselves, or those of our own age, I see no one nowadays who *sews*; and we must soon give it up, on account of our failing eyesight. The young children are all amusing themselves with kindergarten, and the older ones, when not entertaining visitors, are painting, illuminating, writing for the papers, or doing such work as we saw to-day. If a garment is torn, they are unable to mend it, and they are told it is cheaper to buy another, which has to be selected from thousands made by machines in so hurried and careless a manner that not one will stand half a dozen washings, without giving way at some point, owing to an insufficient seam or an unfastened thread. If we prefer hand-made garments, the most energetic search fails to discover any one possessed of the requisite knowledge for cutting and

making, except one here and there, who, like ourselves, is getting a little past work, and who meanwhile is overwhelmed with more orders than she should be allowed to execute.’

‘Yes, that’s so,’ broke in Cousin Sophy, who is a brisk little body, with a family of her own. ‘If you find any one able to do the work you want, ten to one but it is some poor old body, whom you think it a shame to impose upon; and if you see a really *good* piece of needlework, it is sure to have been done by some one’s grandmother; and as for sewing-machines—don’t talk to me!’ she ejaculated, with great emphasis; ‘you know how I slave over mine, just to get my things to suit me, not by any means fine or fussy; and it takes all my time, to say nothing of my temper and my back; so that I am determined, when *this* set of underclothes is worn out, to go in rags, rather than make another myself on the machine. But I must run home now, Aunt Deborah, and by the time I drop in again I hope you will have hit upon some solution of the question.’ And with a hurried nod around the circle and an energetic bang of the street-door, Cousin Sophy whisked away as she had come.

There was a general smile after her departure, accompanied, I suspect, by the general feeling that when a person so universally smart as Cousin Sophy thus announced herself vanquished, matters must indeed be even worse than any of us supposed.

‘As regards the sewing-machine,’ calmly continued Aunt Deborah, ‘I certainly cannot regard it as an unmixed blessing. For one thing, finery can be so cheaply made, that plain things are scarcely to be seen; so that many persons of moderate means are forced to dress more showily than, I am sure, their own sense of fitness can always approve. While another evil

is, that young women almost ignorant of sewing, get the notion that if they can once possess a machine, they will be quite able to make a living; which is about as sensible as to suppose that the gift of a writing-desk will confer on the recipient a perfect knowledge of hand-writing.'

'I am sorry to say,' said my sister, 'that I have found that out to my cost. A young girl in the village where I spent the Summer, had taken a machine, and being anxious to secure work, in order to complete the purchase, I willingly gave her some that was quite plain and simple; but when it was returned to me I found that from sheer ignorance it had been so badly done that I was forced to rip all I could of it and do it again myself.'

'Well, all I can say is,' said Aunt Judith, here entering from the kitchen, but joining in precisely as if she had heard all that preceded—which indeed was her usual fashion, for, being often in demand in the domestic department, she was seldom present at the beginning or end of any subject under discussion, and was thus obliged to deliver her opinions whenever she got the chance, so that they sometimes came in rather abruptly, not to say oddly—'all I can say is that as far as my experience goes, it requires much more care and attention for nice machine-work than for hand-sewing, if not quite as much time. Why, the girl who made Mary Blaine's wedding outfit told me that without an assistant to do the folding, marking, and basting, it was very tedious work, one had to be so particular about the tucks and embroidery. After watching her at work for a couple of hours, I decided that it was really quite a science, and that to be proficient in it, one must have a gift for it, as much as for music or painting. And then, too, the physicians say that the use of the sewing-

machine is killing all the women. I am sure we know plenty who have ruined their health by their excessive devotion to it, and I shall not be sorry when the children are taught once more to hem and make button-holes, instead of to weave colored strips and prick holes in paper.' And with a sniff of indignation Aunt Judith again left the apartment, to return in a few moments with the evening lamp.

This she placed upon the centre table, and those of us who needed the light grouped ourselves about it, while Aunt Rachel settled herself to her customary evening task of basting patch-work for an orphan school.

Boys who have been fascinated by Cooper's novel of "The Last of the Mohicans," will be glad to know that Chingachgook was a real personage. Under the name of "Wasa-mapah" he was known, about one hundred and fifty years ago, to all the tribes of the Lenapi, as their fiercest and most powerful leader.

His fate was, however, very different from that which the novelist assigns him. He was the first Indian met in the wilderness by Rauch, the Moravian missionary, and was converted by him and baptized Job, or Tschoop, as the Moravians pronounced it. Job was for awhile subject to backsliding, both into fighting and drunkenness.

He, however, afterward became a sincere Christian, and was then as zealous and determined a leader for his people in religion as he had been on the warpath. He travelled among the Lenapi until he was an old man, preaching with a success attained by no white missionary.

"This famous red man," testified Bishop Strangenberg, "has a marvellous power, and the countenance of a Luther.

In the quaint Moravian "God's Acre," at Bethlehem, with its rows of little queer stones sunken flat in the grass, is one gray with lichen, marked "Tschoop." Beneath lies the fierce last chief of the Mohicans, so long a favorite hero with American young people.—*Sunday-School Weekly.*



[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

## ROB'S VACATION.

By H. Y. E.

## CHAPTER IV.—THE DOCTOR'S VISIT.

Worn down by the unremitting toil demanded in the care of a large parish, Dr. Jameson had, after contending ineffectually against the advice of his physicians, been compelled to rest. He had resigned his charge to travel in England and on the Continent, in Egypt and Asia; crossed the Pacific, and thus actually accomplished the tour of the world. Within a year after his arrival on his native soil, he had visited South America and Mexico; and then returning to old friends and old scenes, he found his way to us. If he was pleasant at all times, he was particularly so on this visit, when his conversation was so full of incident and anecdote. The Winter evenings of his too brief stay will long be remembered, not only on this account, but for another arrival, most unexpected and delightful, of which I shall speak further on.

But first I must tell of the Doctor's call. Mother really thought herself on the threshold of a little romance. But on the following day the Doctor, instead of strolling off alone, and in a very quiet manner making his call on Mrs. Mangam, stated at the breakfast-table his intention, and asked me to accompany him. The distance was not so great as to require a carriage, and after a very pleasant walk, we arrived at Mrs. Mangam's. The greeting on both sides was most cordial, and without any apparent restraint. They met as old friends long separated might be expected to meet. The Doctor, in answer to inquiries, gave an outline of his travels since they had parted, and she in turn made us acquainted with something of her own history. Supplementing the narrative

with what I afterwards learned, it was briefly as follows:

She was born of parents of wealth and culture, and enjoyed in her early years all the advantages of such a position in life, to which there was this important addition—both parents were devout Christians, and active in all plans and labors of piety and benevolence. It was when she moved in society, combining the qualities of high Christian principle with the adornments which a complete education gave, that Dr. Jameson met her. The reverential admiration which she entertained for him, was returned with a regard which had already assumed a more tender aspect, when he learned that her affections were pledged to another. How great the disappointment was, and whether it required much fortitude to meet it, no one knew. The clergyman kept his own counsel, and when Mr. Mangam bore off his prize, the Doctor officiated at the ceremony, gave them a hearty blessing, and remained the warm friend of both. But trouble came. Her parents died, leaving a greatly-diminished fortune, and Mr. Mangam's affairs did not prosper. The villainy of a partner—whose scheme was to defraud the creditors of the firm, then ruin the reputation of his associate, in order to hide his own rascality—was discovered just in time to save Mr. Mangam from utter ruin, but not in time to clear away the cloud upon his fair fame. He removed farther west, without bettering his fortunes. One child, a daughter, was born to them. A man of less spirit might have yielded more readily to the billows which swept in succession over him; but with a high

sense of honor, while he could have borne his own share of trouble cheerfully, the thought that in his misfortunes others were involved, that his wife's possessions had through him been impaired, and that the discredit of failure, which in his case had been coupled with suspicions of dishonor—this was more than he could bear. He became despondent and gloomy. But at length arousing from his melancholy, he tore himself away from wife and child, with the rash determination not to return until he could restore to her what had through him been lost, and reestablish his credit and position among those who did not believe him blameless.

Twice she had heard from him. The last time he was more cheerful in the prospect of a successful venture in which he had embarked, and which took him to the Mediterranean. But from that time there had been no tidings. Whether he had been lost at sea or had died in some far-off land, she had never learned. But there was no such uncertainty in regard to her child. The pangs of protracted suspense soon began to tell upon Mr. Mangam's health. A delirium came upon her which the physicians decided must soon terminate either in death or lunacy. In these circumstances a sister living in Nova Scotia took the child to her own home. But after months of sickness the patient rallied, and as her strength returned her heart went out toward the little one. She was sent for, but the vessel on which her brother-in-law had taken passage with the child, foundered at sea.

A relapse followed, and again her life was despaired of. But God had blessed her with a strong constitution, and all the lessons of early piety brought forth their fruit now in a meek resignation to the Divine will,

and a calmness which can come only from a firm faith in the love of Him who afflicts, and in the promise of a home above, where the severed by death shall be reunited forever.

The details of the narrative I have omitted. Nor did she at this time recite all of her sad story. But that portion which she did communicate filled us with sadness, and drew forth from the doctor tones of sympathy and words of spiritual consolation and encouragement which made a deep impression. The visit which began with such cheerful greetings ended in tears, and we all knelt down in a prayer of acquiescence in God's will and entreaty for patience and submission under the trials He sends.

Our walk home was a silent one; and the doctor, who had some letters to write, chose that afternoon for that purpose. We did not see him until dinner-time. To the family who were eager to hear an account of the visit, I stated what I had seen and heard, and the narrative saddened them all.

We were not permitted, however, long to remain cast down. The ladies were above stairs preparing for dinner, and the Doctor had already descended to the parlor, when a hack drove to the door, and to our utter amazement out sprang brother George. We could hardly believe our eyes. Only that morning had we been speaking of him, speculating as to whether it would be possible for him to be with us by the next Christmas, for his ship had gone on a three years' cruise. And when we read the telegram announcing the arrival of the Antelope at Boston, how we wished that that had been the vessel to which George was attached. But the thought of seeing him in less than a year or more, never crossed our minds. It was a joyous household, made more so by the assurance that sickness had not sent him home, but



a transfer, under orders, from one vessel to another. He had obtained a month's leave of absence, and hastened, without telegraphing, to join the loved ones at home.

I was proud of my tall and handsome brother, as with his sunburnt cheek pressed to mine I gave him a sister's welcome. Mother was nearly beside herself with joy; and the rest of the family, one by one, rushed forward to greet him. When Josie came to claim her share of the welcome, George stood back for an instant in astonishment—for she was indeed a vision of beauty. 'Is this the little girl I left two years ago?' said he. 'How the dear child has grown! But I don't care, I will claim a cousin's privilege,' and the blushing girl was folded in his arms.

Under the effect of Dr. Jameson's narratives of his travels we began to think it advisable to form a geography class. And now, as brother detailed the account of his voyages, there was a double necessity. That evening the large atlas was laid upon the drawing-room table, and George traced out the course of the frigate, stopping occasionally to discuss the points which both he and the Doctor had visited. When brother traced the path of the vessel towards Calcutta, he became enthusiastic over the beauties of Ceylon. Here he had remained a fortnight. He had ascended Adam's Peak, had joined a party in an elephant hunt, and had visited a cinnamon garden.

'And by the way, Doctor,' said he, 'here I met an American. But that is not so strange, for it is not an uncommon find to meet a Yankee anywhere. Comparing notes with the officers on one occasion, we came to the conclusion that there was no part of the globe where our country was not represented by some one of the various classes,

from the capitalist down to poor Sambo. But this gentleman whom I met in Ceylon was an acquaintance of yours.'

'An acquaintance of mine!' exclaimed the Doctor in astonishment.

'So he said. And not only so, but a warm friend and admirer. His name was Charles Arthur.'

'I do not recollect any person of that name,' said the Doctor, slowly repeating the name and shaking his head doubtfully. 'And yet the thing is possible,' he continued. 'We of the clergy meet many persons who, from the shifting nature of our population, come and go. We form their acquaintance become interested in them and attached to them; then they pass away, and we hear no more of them. It would not be at all strange if I had known and forgotten a person of that name. Still, I do not see how even this could be, if the gentleman you mention says he knew me very intimately and was a friend of mine. Tell me more about him.'

'Ladies,' said brother George, 'let us suspend for a few moments our geography lesson, as you call it, while I tell what I know about Mr. Arthur.'

We seated ourselves around the table, and Josie, who was quite interested in her Latin studies, quoted Virgil's line

'Conticuere omnes intentique ora tenebant.'

'Correct,' said the Doctor, nodding, 'and now

"Inde toro pater Æneas sic orsus ab alto."

'Our vessel was ordered to report at Trincomalee, the principal harbor of Ceylon, on its northeast coast, where we were to await the arrival of the *Antelope*. On one of my excursions to the interior of the Island, visiting a cinnamon garden, we were most cordially and hospitably entertained by this Mr. Arthur, who was in charge of the garden, and, I think, was part owner.

Himself an American, he was evidently delighted to greet the officers of a vessel from his own country. He showed himself familiar with every part of the United States, and had so many questions to ask about his native land, that we had little opportunity to exercise the Yankee's prerogative of inquiring about him and his personal affairs. Most of his intelligence from home had come through foreign channels, and was consequently meagre and incoherent. Occasionally, however, he saw an American newspaper, and was only too glad to accept ours, though out of date and somewhat the worse for wear.

'I at length became quite intimate with my new acquaintance, and learned that having been unfortunate in his own country, he had gone to Europe, with the view of forming a connection with some commercial house. His first engagement proved to be unsatisfactory, and he availed himself of an opening to embark in the East India trade; and at length found himself in his present position, which had proved highly remunerative. But banishment from home was his greatest trial. He had accumulated enough to render it both feasible and desirable to return, but his associates in business refused to listen to any suggestions of the kind, and now held out the prospect of placing him at the head of a branch house in one of the American cities. This, he said, would give him a position which, of all others, he desired. He was daily waiting to hear of the completion of arrangements, which the next letter from London would probably settle. It was not until the third day of my visit that I learned that he had a family, and this came out accidentally. He then dropped the subject, and said no more about it. In the course of conversation, I happened to repeat an anecdote, which I end-

ed by giving your name as authority. It was then that I learned of his acquaintance with you; and on his being informed of your intimacy with our family, we struck up quite a friendship. Before we parted, he took me aside, and with much warmth of manner expressing his confidence and regard, asked the privilege of communicating with his home through me. He said that he had once made a remittance which he was satisfied had never reached its destination. His first letters had been received and answered; but owing to the fact of his frequent changes, he was not at all surprised that communication should be irregular and uncertain, but he could not explain why all intercourse had been cut off.'

'And now, my friend,' said he, 'though our acquaintance has been brief, yet I feel that I can confide in you to the utmost. I will, therefore, before you leave the island, write you a letter, giving some account of myself, and my former position in my own country; and availing myself of your generous offer, will also place in your hands a remittance, which I will trust you to convey to its destination, holding it in your keeping until you succeed in doing so.'

'We parted,' resumed my brother, 'with many expressions of friendship; and I, as I made my way to the vessel, could not repress a feeling of intense interest in the matter which was soon to be confided to me. It was past the time for the arrival of the *Antelope*, and our orders now were to have our vessel in readiness, and those who had leave to go on shore were required to keep within easy call. The very next day, after my visit with Mr. Arthur, a steamer arrived bringing news from the *Antelope*, which, having met with an accident, was compelled to put into Hong Kong, and



our directions were to proceed forthwith to that port. In the bustle of a hasty preparation, I barely had time to write to my friend, Mr. Arthur, and express my disappointment and regret at being compelled to leave before his commission reached me. We sailed at once for Hong Kong, where I

was transferred to the *Antelope*, and here I am.'

It was late that night when we retired, and later still before we closed our eyes to sleep; and when we did, our dreams were of the mysterious stranger in the island of Ceylon.

[From Sunday at Home.]

## TOT.

### CHAPTER I.

Tot felt very unhappy. Outside the sun shone brightly, and the birds sang merrily, but it was all dark and dismal for Tot. He curled himself up on an ottoman, and gazed out into the street, while the tears trickled down his cheeks, and fell upon a kitten that lay fast asleep on his knee.

Presently in came nurse, and sat down with her needlework. There was silence for a long time, then Tot broke it by wailing out,

'Papa cannot love his little Tot, if he does not come home to him.' Tot as often as not spoke of himself in the third person.

'Yes he does, dear,' said nurse kindly, 'and it is only because the poor gentleman is very sick, and there is nobody else to nurse him, that papa is stopping away.'

'What's the poor gentleman ill with?' demanded Tot, suddenly interested.

'Don't know, Master Tot; can't say. Fever very likely. People mostly do have fevers of some sort in them foreign parts.'

'Think the poor gentleman 'll die, nursie?'

'Can't say, dear; that is as God pleases. Perhaps your father will give him some medicine, and make him well again.'

'And papa will be ever so long making him well again,' remarked Tot, after a few minutes, and then the tears broke out again faster than before.

Nurse put down her work, and walked to the window. She sat down on Tot's ottoman, put her arms round him, and drew him on her knee. Tot buried his face on her shoulder and sobbed, while nurse comforted him

as well as she could. But she could not do much, for Tot's heart was almost broken, and when he wailed out 'Tot wants his mamma. If mamma will not come, Tot must die,' nurse could only kiss him, and say he must try and be happy and good for dear father's sake.

'Papa 'll never come again, mamma gone; and I only have you, nursie,' replied poor Tot. 'O where is mamma? Why doesn't she come to me?'

'Hush! I will tell you, my darling,' said nurse soothingly, pushing back the curls from his forehead. 'God loved your good mamma very much. When He saw how often she suffered pain—Tot remembers how she used to lie on the sofa and look so white?' Tot nodded, and left off sobbing to listen. 'Well, then God was sorry for her, and sent an angel to take her away to heaven, where she would never be in pain again, and never cry any more, but be so happy. Tot cannot think how happy.'

'Doesn't she want her little boy with her?' asked Tot, half-reproachfully, half-wistfully.

'Yes, dear, and some day God will let you go to her.'

'When?' said Tot breathlessly.

'God knows, dear; I don't. If it pleases Him, not for many a year to come.'

'Must I die before I can go to heaven, nursie?'

'Yes dear; but only our body dies, that is put into the grave; our soul never dies. If we try to love God here in this world, and do as He bids us, trusting in Jesus Christ, we shall be sure to go to heaven and live with God, and all His holy angels.'

'And with mamma too?'

'Yes, and Tot will go some day if

he is a good boy.' Nurse paused, and then murmured more to herself than to Tot, 'But my darling will have many hard battles to fight, many temptations to overcome before the golden crown is won and everlasting life is granted him.'

Tot tried to understand, but failed in grasping it clearly. He sat still and pondered with a world of perplexity in the little grave face. He could read a little. Over the mantelpiece nurse had hung a card on which was written in pretty gold and colored letters 'Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life.' What nurse had said about everlasting life reminded him of it.

'Is that about the way to get to heaven, nurse?' he asked, pointing up to the text.

'Yes, and Tottie must find out the "strait gate," and walk in "the narrow way," and that will lead him to God and his dear mother in heaven.'

Then somebody came and called nurse away, and Tot was left alone once more. He thought over what he had just heard, but he could not understand all. Mamma was in heaven and very happy, nurse said; but Tot doubted that she was happy. He was not there. How could she be really happy without her little darling—her golden-haired Tot—her own precious boy? No, she could not be happy, and Tot was not happy. He was very miserable—there was no doubt about that. O if he could only get to her! Was there no way? Must he wait till he was an old man with grey hair, before he could find the strait gate, and walk in the narrow way which would take him to heaven and his mother? Why not begin now, this very day?

Tot jumped up as he thought of it, full of excitement. He would get his hat and gloves and start off at once. Having found and put them on, Tottie went out on the landing and called for nurse; but she was below in the kitchen and did not hear her little charge. He waited patiently for a few minutes; nobody could be seen or heard. Suddenly another idea struck him. Why not go without nurse? She loved him too dearly, he knew, to be very willing he should go. Perhaps she would say he must wait till he became 'grown up,' and

Tot felt he could not wait. He was so miserable, so lonely, he must set out at once.

There was one more thing to be done first. He went back to the empty nursery, took off his hat and knelt down; then, with folded hands, Tottie said, with a world of confidence and trust, 'Please, God, go with Tot to find the strait gate, and the narrow way that leads to my mamma. Send an angel to tell Tot which road to take, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. Please don't let nurse be sorry that Tot has gone away, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.'

This over he got up and went cautiously downstairs. He did not wish anybody to see him, so he walked very softly, and listened for coming footsteps. However he reached the hall in safety, when another difficulty presented itself. The street door was shut, and Tot knew from past experiences that to open it without creaks and noises was beyond his power. Never mind, he would go out of the door opening into the garden, and once in the garden there was a little iron gate, which would take him across the meadow, and so into the high road. Tot managed very well; a gardener was planting out flowers, but he took no notice beyond a civil 'Good morning, sir. Come out to do a bit of digging this fine day, sir?' Tot responded politely but briefly, and was soon hidden in the shrubbery. Once safely through the gate, he ran quickly across the meadow, and gained the open road. He stood for a minute or two to recover breath, and then started off at a steady walk.

It was now about ten o'clock, and the people whom Tot met going towards the town looked curiously at him. Too curiously; Tot did not like it, and turned up the first by-lane he saw. It was very pleasant here; grass grew in the road, flowers blossomed on either side, and the hedges were tall and thick. Tot was hot after his run, and the shade and coolness were very refreshing. He looked up at the patches of blue sky, showing between the branches of the trees, and thought if he could only see the strait gate, this must be the narrow way, but he knew there was no gate, for the lane was not unfamiliar to him. No, it was doubtless



miles away, and he must walk briskly on, or perhaps, night would come before he had accomplished his purpose. The lane led to some fields. Tot got into the pathway, and field after field of unknown ground was traversed till he began to feel weary and tired.

The poor little fellow sat down under a hedge at last, and fanned himself with his hat. He wondered what the time was, and owned he would very much like something to eat. When he was rested he got up and made for the stile in order to cross the next field, when—oh, horror!—poor Tottie's heart gave a tremendous thump, for there stood a large white cow right in the pathway, and staring at him with all her might. Tot was by no means a coward; he was not afraid of the darkness, nor loneliness, nor of dogs, nor indeed of any one thing except cows, and they were something terrific beyond description. What should he do? Go back without having found what he sought? He could not bear the thought. Go on, and perhaps be gored to death, or at the very least run after and bellowed at by that dreadful white creature with the big eyes? It was well the stile was between Tot and the cow. At first he was half-paralyzed with terror, but after awhile, finding he was only stared and not run at, his heart thumped less loudly, and he grew calmer. Must he cross that field? He thought not, till suddenly he remembered the prayer he had said before leaving home. The very memory of it brought courage. God would be sure to take care of him; of course the angel was there, though invisible to Tot. Off came the straw hat, and once more he fell on his knees. 'Please, God, dear God, let the angel go on in front, because Tottie is so afraid, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.' He jumped up and opened his eyes. To his great joy the cow, instead of standing and gazing at him, was lying down on the grass and looking sleepily in another direction. Indeed she appeared quite peaceful and harmless, only Tot wished she would not move her mouth about so peculiarly—it suggested unpleasant things. Cautiously he mounted the stile, and descended on the other side. A sim-

ple and implicit trust that an angel was 'going on in front,' alone enabled Tot to pass the dreaded object. At last it was done; the cow had not moved, not even turned her head, only munched, munched with her mouth, and Tot breathed once more.

Safely arrived at the next meadow, he looked back and resolved never again to be afraid of cows. He had forgotten his weariness in his fright, and walked at a good rate over the next fields. They ended in a wood, and Tot stepped into it glad to get into shade again. He had gone a little distance when he came to a tiny stream. The water looked very tempting, so stooping down Tot dipped some up in his hand and drank it. It was deliciously cool and refreshing, and he repeated the process many times. In drawing his handkerchief from his pocket, out dropped a biscuit. Tot wondered how it came there, then recollected he had reserved it from his luncheon the day before to give Snap, his dog. After eating it and taking another drink of water, Tot became aware he was very, very tired. He must have a good long rest before continuing his journey. So he chose a nice mossy seat under a tree and lay down. He watched the flies and bees buzzing about, and listened to the little stream of water as it flowed over the pebbles. From watching and listening Tot became very sleepy, the blue eyes closed, the little weary legs stretched themselves out, and Tot slept as soundly as if he were lying in his own crib at home.

#### CHAPTER II.

After an hour or two, Tot awoke with a start. Where was he? How came he in a wood with flowers, and trees, and birds around him? Where was nurse? In his bewilderment he called out for her at the top of his voice. Then it all came back to him. He sat up, and thought it over. Almost he regretted having started on his journey. The strait gate was a long way off yet, perhaps, and Tot knew by the aching of his feet that he could not walk much farther. He stood up at last, and dipped his handkerchief in the water to bathe his face and hands. Then, not liking to carry it wet in his pocket, he left it there, by the side of the stream, and

once more patiently, ploddingly stepped out on his way.

The path led some distance through the wood, and brought Tot at length to a high road. The sun was blazing down in its full power on a Summer's afternoon. There was scarcely any shade, and the dust lay in scorched, glistening heaps in the road that Tot now exchanged for the cool, pleasant wood. To make it worse, it soon became uphill, and the poor child with a white face, had to drag his aching legs up the weary, weary way. Courage, Tot, the narrow way is almost gained! Very soon will the strait gate be within view! The hard stones cut his delicate feet through the thin house shoes; the sun beat down so furiously that he could scarcely breathe. But on toiled Tot. Oh, he must hold out till he reached the hill-top. Up, up with such slow footsteps, and such a dreadful sickness, and faintness, but still up, up, be it ever so slowly.

At last he stands on the summit, and a soft breeze somewhat revives him. Panting, he stood with closed eyes to recover breath. Pausing so, he heard the murmur of a distant voice, one voice going steadily on, as if somebody were reading aloud. Tot looked about him. Oh, joy! Surely that was a big iron gate in front of him, a tall "strait" gate, opening into a narrow road, having a thick, neatly-kept hedge on either side. What toil and difficulty had not produced, happiness and success did: Tot burst into tears. Through the open gate he went, down the gravelled road, and thence into an open space, dotted here and there with grave-stones. Tot recognized this to be a churchyard or cemetery, and this was what he wanted, for was it not here he could exchange his present life 'widout mamma,' for an everlasting life 'wid mamma'? Look! In a corner yonder was a clergyman reading from a book. A group of people was around him. Of course he was telling them how to make the exchange that Tot wished so earnestly to effect. He made his way towards them as quickly as possible. Nobody turned as he approached, and he pushed between the mourners and spectators at the funeral, till he stood on the very edge of a little

grave. A very tiny grave it was. The coffin was lowered, but no part of it could be seen, only a dazzling brightness of beautiful flowers was visible. Tot waited for a pause in the reader's voice; presently it came. Then he called out imploringly, as loudly as weakness would permit him,

'Please is this the way to heaven? Mamma is in heaven, and I want to go to her.'

A thrill of awe and surprise was experienced by every person present, in the momentary silence that followed this unexpected appeal from the child. A lady who had been standing with bowed head, trying to stifle her sobs, looked up instantly, and her eyes fell at once upon Tot, looking so pale and weary, but so eager for an answer to his question.

It was her baby, her only one, that now lay cold and stiff beneath those beautiful flowers, in its last earthly resting-place. She had lost her child; she understood from Tot's cry that he had lost his mother. It was a bond of sympathy between them. Down went the lady on the grass, with her arms stretched out towards him, and he bounded into them, feeling instinctively that he should get the help he wanted.

'Hush! Wait a little while,' she said, choking down her tears. 'I am going to heaven some day to see my little girl. Won't you come with me?'

'Yes, but now. Don't wait,' said Tot, with a quiver in the sad, sweet voice.

For answer she gathered him up closely, and pressed him to her breast, saying

'Yes, we will go together, dear; but be quiet just now.'

Then she made a sign to the clergyman to continue, and the last beautiful prayers of our Burial Service were read. Before they were finished, partly from sheer fatigue, partly from faintness, Tot was unconscious of passing events. Kind friends came softly round the lady, begging to relieve her from her burden, but she shook her head, and with Tot in her arms, took a last yearning look at her darling's grave, then stepped into her carriage and was driven away. She gazed at the child's pale face, and wondered how he came to be there alone, so dusty



and weary with travel. She was indescribably sad and lonely; Tot had come to her in her hour of sorest anguish, the first ray of light that had gladdened her for many a long day, for her husband was in a foreign land, and she had seen her baby-girl pass away from earth without the solace of human sympathy. Therefore her heart went out in tenderest love and pity towards the unknown child. She held him carefully, fearing to disturb him, but Tot lay still with closed eyes, and the monotonous rumble of the carriage acted as a soothing lullaby.

### LIFE AT HIGH PRESSURE.

It must be accepted, we apprehend, as the true state of things, that while there are evils inseparable from high pressure and overwork, the best that a strong man is capable of, cannot be done without them. Let us observe, for example, how careful an overworked man is to make the most of his time. What an early riser he becomes! Can anything make a man start from the luxury of a half-waking, half-sleeping state in bed like the conviction that if he is not at work at a given minute the whole business of the day will be thrown into arrear and inevitable confusion? Dickens has a character somewhere who says he always goes to bed with regret, and rises with disgust. The pressure of work removes both the regret and the disgust, for at bedtime bed is welcome to the busy worker, while in the morning it is a thief, and a robber. How much more rapidly one runs through the newspaper when there are but ten minutes for it; or how much more quickly one transacts business, or makes inquiries, or goes through friendly greetings, when dozens are waiting in the ante-room, let doctors and lawyers say. "Don't go to men of leisure when you want anything done—go to busy men," was a saying of the late George Moore's, of Bow Churchyard, himself a busy man, the architect of a colossal business, and yet able to carry on his shoulders the interests of innumerable charities. In the United States they have a rule in some of their conventions that speakers shall not occupy more than two minutes. It seems to many as if a speaker would need that

time at least to clear his throat; and yet it is wonderful what can be said in two minutes when neither love nor money can eke out the allowance.

Besides saving time, the pressure of work makes the mental machinery go faster. The mind comes under an excitement which quickens all its processes. The steam gets up, and the piston flies through the cylinder like lightning. Pieces of work have been done in these moods that would or could not have been done under more still and quiet conditions. If St. Paul had not led so busy a life, his epistles would have borne a different character. They would not have the stimu-

When able men are urged on in this way, it is wonderful what they can do even in their *horæ subsecivæ*. Sometimes it seems as if they could never stop. They go on like the Flying Dutchman, as if they were embodiments of the perpetual motion. There is Mr. Gladstone, for example. No sooner is he relieved of the burden of the premiership than he is up to the neck in Homer. When people are wondering how he gets time to keep up his Greek, he is out with an elaborate pamphlet on Ultramontanism. Hardly is the ink dry when a publication is announced on the Turkish massacres. And when people are thinking him fairly exhausted, he goes through an electioneering campaign like a meteor, and delivers a succession of speeches, that for every quality of powerful and brilliant oratory fill the whole world with astonishment. We suppose that in his best days a similar activity must have characterized Lord Brougham. When could he have written his papers for the Useful Knowledge Society, or studied and written his chapters on Paley's "Natural Theology"? The sparks from such men's anvils are equal to the lating power they have. The rush and rapidity of the apostle's mind communicates itself to his readers. The same thing is true, in a sense, of the speeches of most great orators. Such things could not be produced in cold blood. Men must be on wings to do them. If the rocket were not discharged in a sort of frantic excitement, it would not describe the beautiful curve which it traces. It is certain that the leisure which busy men so naturally crave would greatly restrict

and impair many of their greatest efforts. Their work might indeed be done with more finish and beauty of detail, but it would have far less of the living and quickening power to which, very probably, its chief value is due. No doubt, if sober thought be the chief thing needed in a piece of work, the slower it is done the better; a judge must be deliberate, and solemn, and slow; but if the purpose be to illuminate, to quicken, to impel, the mind will be all the better of the excitement that comes from the pressure of too much to do.

chief products of ordinary craftsmen. But even these men would probably have been eclipsed by the activity of the Spanish poet, Lope de Vega. It was calculated that twenty-one million three hundred thousand of his lines were actually printed, and no less than eighteen hundred plays of his composition acted upon the stage. "Were we to give credit to such accounts," says Lord Holland, "allowing him to begin his compositions at the age of thirteen, we must believe that on an average he wrote more than nine hundred lines a day; a fertility of imagination and celerity of pen, which, when we consider the occupations of his life as a soldier, secretary, a master of a family, and a priest, his acquirements in Latin, Italian, and Portuguese, and his reputation for erudition, become not only improbable, but absolutely, and one may say physically, impossible."

With such cases before us, we come more readily to understand the paradox that the busiest men are those who have most time, or at least most capacity, for extra work. The medical profession is full of instances. It is remarkable that the late Sir James Simpson, for instance, in the midst of an unprecedented professional practice should have been a keen antiquary, and should have found time to write so many antiquarian memoirs. It is said of the late Dr. Abercrombie, that his works on the "Intellectual and Moral Powers of Man" were composed in his carriage, as he was driving to see his patients. The instances of medical men in the height of practice writing papers for the medical journals, or preparing professional works for the press, are very numerous. The faculties of such men are so ready that in their moments of leisure they

can do more than many another man who has no stated work at all. Even ordinary men understand quite well how irksome a very small bit of work, like the writing of letters, is in a holiday-time, when one is idle in the country; whereas, in the height of one's activity, a dozen letters could be dashed off in an hour, and not even counted in the hard work of the day. An able man, in the full swing of his manifold work, is like a machine that by belts and wheels can do all kinds of by-jobs, besides what engages the chief share of its activity.

Nor is such a life necessarily so oppressive as is often thought. Our Maker has so ordered it that one of our chief pleasures is derived from work successfully done. *Labor ipse voluptas*. There is always a gratification in "something accomplished, something done." Lope de Vega, writing his play in a single day, as he often did, had no doubt sufficient enjoyment in it to compensate him for all the confinement and toil. Rapid workers have not time to get disgusted with their work, as those are apt to do who brood over it. Disgust is usually the product of leisure and reflection, and comes at a second stage. If the work be somewhat varied, the pleasure in connection with its completion is varied too. Hence, perhaps, is the reason why the total and sudden giving up of work is often attended with evil results. The transition from a life full of activity, and rich in the enjoyment of successful labor to a life of absolute idleness with no such vivid enjoyment has often proved fatal. There is too little activity in the new life, and too little of the pleasure of activity. Idleness, without the excitement and pleasure of work, becomes depressing. The vital forces droop and decay. On the other hand, to the busy worker, rest and recreation have a double relish. No holiday is so refreshing as that in which he runs away from his labors, and enjoys himself in quite a different scene. Swiss mountains and Swiss air have then a double charm. The interval is too short to produce the *ennui* that attends permanent separation from active pursuits. Few things live in the memory more vividly than the first month in Switzerland in the heart of a too busy life.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.



## DR. VON DOLLINGER.

The *Foreign Church Chronicle and Review* publishes a brief biographical sketch of Dr. Von Döllinger, taken in part from the International Portrait Gallery. We are sure our readers will be interested in an account of the great leader of the Old Catholic movement, and of the progress of his work.

Dr. von Döllinger was born in the last year of the last century, and attained the age of eighty-one on the 28th of February last. His early life was that of a student, and his favorite study throughout his life has been ecclesiastical history. He attained the age of sixty-four, bearing and having borne for many years the reputation of being the most learned man in the Roman Catholic Church. As a learned man, and a German who loved his country and his Church, he was looked upon with suspicion by the Roman Curia and by the Jesuit faction, whose aims he had always opposed and often thwarted, but he was still regarded as a pillar and main support of the Roman Catholic Church.

"It was the cause of scientific and historical truth which made him at length go forth with a set face upon the path which put him in plain antagonism to Rome. In 1863, on the occasion of a controversy arising out of Professor Frohschammer's teaching, he summoned a Conference, comprising some of the most learned men of Germany, for the purpose of declaring the rights of science in face of dogmatism. Ultramontanism, however, turned out to be stronger than had been expected, and the Conference decided that science was to be subjected to authority. Döllinger submitted in silence. In silence, too, he submitted to the declaration of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception and to the promulgation of the Syllabus of 1864; but we may imagine how these last events affected one who loved truth and liberty, and whose knowledge of history made him not only believe, but know, that the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was false, and the arguments adduced in its favor baseless, and that the anathemas of the Syllabus

were directed against all that made the happiness and prosperity of free men and free nations. With the gravity of a man who feels the responsibility attached both to action and inaction, he still possessed his soul in patience; but inevitably, and even unconsciously to himself, these antecedents led up to his taking the great position forced upon him by the Council of 1870 and the events which immediately succeeded it.

"The Vatican Council was the triumph of the principle and party in the Latin Church to which Döllinger was most energetically opposed—the principle of dogmatism unchecked by facts, which paid no regard to theological, scientific, or historic truth, and the party of the Jesuits, Ultramontane and anti-Teutonic, which had taken captive and kept in subserviency to itself the feeble, but not for that less obstinate, mind of Pius IX. On the dictation of the Pope and his favorite counsellors, the Council had determined—or rather, it had been determined at the Council, in spite of the protest of all the most learned among the bishops—that the Pope was infallible in all matters of faith and morals whenever he spoke *ex cathedra*, himself being the judge whether or no he did speak *ex cathedra*; that entire submission was due to him, not only in matters of faith and morals, but in all matters appertaining to the Church, whether of doctrine or discipline; and that the immediate episcopal government of the Universal Church was vested in him. The minority at the Council, led by the German and Hungarian Bishops and Monseigneurs Darboy and Dupanloup, had left Rome before the final vote was taken; and now men asked themselves, with the intensest interest, What will the dissenting bishops do, and what will Döllinger do? The bishops yielded. Chained as they are to the Papacy by oaths taken at their consecration and by faculties granted by the Pope and capable at any time of resumption, Roman Catholic bishops cannot but yield to the Roman Curia whenever a struggle rises between them, unless they are prepared for bolder action than can be expected from men of

average ability and courage. The Archbishop of Munich, having himself submitted to the decrees which he had in vain resisted, called the theological professors of Munich around him, and proposed to them to give way. 'Rome has spoken,' he said, 'and whatever our personal belief may be, we must submit. Ought we not,' he continued, turning to Döllinger, 'to be ready to begin to labor afresh in the cause of the Holy Church?' 'Yes,' replied Döllinger, promptly, 'yes, for the Old Church.' 'There is but one Church,' said the Archbishop, 'which is neither new nor old.' 'But people have made a new one,' replied Döllinger, dryly. In these words of Döllinger's is found the first indication of the title 'Old Catholic.'"

After six months' hesitation, the Archbishop demanded the formal submission of Döllinger and Friedrich. Döllinger's reply was his famous *Erklärung an den Erzbischof von München-Freising*, in which he undertook to prove the unscriptural and uncatholic character of the Vatican decree before the assembled episcopate of Germany. The Archbishop's rejoinder was not an argument, but an excommunication.

Meantime the Old Catholic body was organizing itself. The very month after the Vatican Council closed, Döllinger and thirteen men of like mind met at Nuremberg, and told each other and the world that they would not yield. The following year there assembled the first Old Catholic Congress at Munich, and this was followed by the Congress at Cologne the year following. The Cologne Congress was attended by the Bishops of Winchester, Lincoln, and Maryland, and from it sprang a movement towards the union of Christians, the direction of which Döllinger took into his own hands. A Re-union Committee was appointed, consisting of Döllinger, Friedrich, Reinkens, von Schulte, Michelis, Reusch, Langen, Lutterbeck, Michaud, Rottels.

"From this time forward Dr. Döllinger appears to have turned his attention primarily to the work of marshalling the rest of Christendom against Vaticanism, leaving the task of the organization of the German congregations and Synods—an un-

congenial work to so profound and and severe a student—to others more qualified to deal with details."

This was the purpose of the Bonn Conferences, in which Döllinger strove to show the feasibility of reestablishing an intercommunion and confederation of non-Vaticanized churches on the basis of the original faith. At the first Conference, held in 1874, an agreement was come to between the Old Catholics, Orientals, and Anglicans present, on the Canon of Scripture; the superior authority of the original text of Scripture to the Vulgate; the liberty and duty of reading the Scriptures; the use of the vulgar tongue in public prayers; justification; merit; works of supererogation; the number of the Sacraments; tradition; the Immaculate Conception; confession; indulgences; prayers for the dead; the Eucharist. The second Conference was held on August 12-16, 1875:

"During these five days the extraordinary and varied powers of the great German theologian were even more conspicuous than on the occasion of the previous Conference. With a courage and confidence of success which was perhaps shared by no other member of the Conference, Dr. Döllinger determined to find a formula expressing the doctrine of the Procession of the Holy Spirit to which both the East and West might yield adherence. As this doctrine had been the chief subject of dispute between the Eastern and Western Churches for the last thousand years, and hitherto every effort to come to an understanding had been in vain, the attempt appeared hopeless; but Döllinger succeeded. At first, indeed, nothing but dissension appeared, on which it was proposed and carried to relegate the question to a committee, consisting of five members of the Eastern Church, three Old Catholics, and three Anglicans. We are told by a member of this committee that 'nothing could exceed the gravity, the earnestness, the vivacity, the good temper, with which each point was contested by the representatives of the East and West.' After many schemes had been proposed and abandoned, unanimous agreement was at length come to on seven propositions, extracted by Dr. Döllinger from the



writings of St. John of Damascus. These propositions were afterwards unanimously accepted by the Conference, and their orthodoxy has been admitted by a committee of the Convocation of Canterbury, as well as by the authorities of the Old Catholic and Russo-Greek Churches. As they do not shrink from grappling fairly with the whole question, we may say that Dollinger has solved a difficulty which the Councils of Lyons and Florence and a thousand years of controversy had been unable to overcome."

But the Conference did not confine its attention to this one point. It dealt also with the question of the validity of Anglican orders, purgatory, infallibility, the Papacy.

"The most surprising effort of the veteran controversialist and historian was his final speech. For four days he had stood almost continuously in front of the assembled body of divines, taking up and replying to every speech as soon as it was made in German or in English, and sometimes addressing the Conference continuously for hours; in the committee he had proposed, refuted, argued, receiving on his shield weapons from all sides, and returning them with irresistible force, allowing himself no break or interval except such as was sufficient for a plunge each day in the Rhine. And at the end of these four days he stood up, as if he had been a man of thirty-eight instead of seventy-six, and delivered a speech of five hours length on the disastrous effects that had been wrought on Western Christendom by the Papacy, passing in review, one after the other, Germany, France, Spain, Italy, South America, Austria, and handling the affairs of of each country with a fulness and exactness which would have been remarkable if he had confined himself to the history of a single nation; and throughout the five hours he riveted by his voice and action the attention of every one present, and retained their interest hour after hour, though addressing them in a language which to many was perfectly unknown, and to most was so unfamiliar that his meaning was only doubtfully guessed at. The Bishop of Meath recalling the scene, spoke at the Plymouth Church Congress with enthusiasm of 'that old man eloquent, with keen

glance and playful smile and busy brain, still all aglow with the quenchless fire of youth.'"

Political complications have unhappily prevented the calling of a third Conference of Bonn, and it is to be feared that they will continue to prevent it until it is too late for the only man who would be obeyed to summon it. Rumors have, of course, been rife of Dollinger's being about to return to the bosom of the Roman Church, as there used to be of Newman's imminent restoration to the communion of the Anglican Church. The cardinal's hat bestowed on Newman has put an end to one set of rumors, and the following letter, addressed by Dollinger to Dr. Nevin, May 4, 1879, may set the other at rest:

"I have neither written or done anything which could have given occasion to such a rumor," he writes. "The circumstances which are mentioned in some papers are gratuitous inventions; and only three weeks ago I published a lecture (*Allgem. Zeitung*, 6th, 7th, 8th April) in which I state in so many words that nobody possessing a scientific culture of mind can ever accept the decrees of the Vatican Council. Having devoted my time during the last nine years principally to the renewed study of all the questions connected with the history of the Popes and the Councils, and, I may say, gone again over the whole ground of ecclesiastical history, the result is that the proofs of the falsehood of the Vatican decrees amount to demonstration. When I am told that I must swear to the truth of those doctrines, my feeling is just as if I were asked to swear that two and two make five, and not four."

The biography to which we call attention ends as follows:

"This decisive letter was written on May 4, 1879, from Munich. There the learned professor now, as formerly, resides, still pursuing his favorite study of ecclesiastical history, preparing his voluminous notes for publication, and watching with keen eyes the fortunes of the Church in all parts of the globe."

The consciousness of duty performed gives us music at midnight.—*Geo. Herbert.*

## WOMEN IN TURKEY.

Nov. 7, 1874. At Madame Hilmeh Bey's (granddaughter of Fuad Pasha, the greatest statesman Turkey ever had,) we were more fortunate. She was at home and received us in a French *robe de matinée*, a blue cashmere beautifully embroidered with wreaths of roses, *crepe lisse* ruffs and frills, a pile of dyed golden hair (naturally black) rolled and twisted and curled in the latest fashion. She laid down a French novel to rise and greet us—rather a contrast to the last harem I had been in at Tunis. All the women of the higher classes of the present generation are tolerably educated, have European governesses, and read European books—principally novels, I fancy—and all bemoan their present hard fate very much. It is a great mistake of the Turks to think they can educate their wives and daughters, and still keep them in confinement and subjection. The children of the present day in Turkey are brought up to think the system of yashmaks and confinement a most tyrannical custom, and not to be endured. To hear this poor little woman talk of her own and her lady-friends' feelings, you would think the revolution must soon come.

We went thence to the Princess Azizieh's, and having passed through several doors, and climbed innumerable stairs, found ourselves in her reception-room, commanding a beautiful view over the Bosphorus. The Princess received us in an elaborate blue velvet *toilette de matin*, trimmed with undyed ostrich feathers, her hair being very much frizzed. She is a decidedly stout but pretty woman, with lovely eyes, teeth, hair, and expression. Soon after our arrival a long jasmine-stick pipe, with a beautiful amber mouthpiece, studded with diamonds, was brought in by the slaves and handed round. Sweetmeats followed on a gold tray, in gold dishes, thick with large diamonds and rubies, and finally coffee in egg-shell china cups, encased in exquisite gold filagree stands, pierced with holes, each hole filled with a large diamond, set clear and swinging, so that the effect was most brilliant. The Princess had a pleasant little French companion, Madame

Boyer, and she herself, for a Turkish lady, talked very well; so the visit was pleasant, though a long one. It is considered an insult to your hostess to remain less than an hour, and we stayed longer. The conversation turned, as usual, on the wrongs of Turkish women, and the most ardent longings for freedom and liberty were expressed by all.

Our next visit was to the Princess Nozli, sister of the Princess Azizieh, quite as pretty, perhaps even better educated, certainly more advanced in her ideas, and speaking English as perfectly as her sister does French. Her rooms are as beautifully fitted up in light blue satin and brocade as her sister's are in the same materials of a red color. The furniture was all French, and very handsome, but here many books and flowers might be seen, and the place had altogether a more European and home-like look.

The Princess, who wore a plaid dressing-gown, received us kindly. She, like her sister, smoked cigarettes all the time, and conversed pleasantly and frankly, telling us many details of the interiors of Turkish life, and of her own history.

Fuad Pasha accompanied the Sultan to England and Paris in 1867. Among many other reforms, he wished to bring about the freedom of women. He even said, in a memorable speech on a public occasion, that Turkey would never take its proper place, till the walls between the *Selemlek* (or men's apartments) and the harem were broken down, and the softening and purifying influence of women was allowed to be felt. Consequently his relations, the ladies of the harems I have visited to-day, are allowed more liberty than any others in Turkey.

In 1878 Mrs. Brassey was again in Constantinople, and thus mentions the same ladies: "We had a busy morning on board. Several friends came to luncheon, and others arrived soon afterward. Then came Princess Nazli, Princess Azizieh, and Madame Kiasim, each with her suite, and by appointment, to see the yacht, and to have tea with me. Their costumes were more Parisian, and their yashmaks thinner than ever, and the slaves, having forsaken their beautiful Eastern costumes since we were

here before, looked more fashionable, but not half so pretty.

The last four years seem to have added greatly to the amount of liberty they enjoy. They are now much less particular about seeing gentlemen, and once in the cabin, laughed and talked with the greatest freedom and enjoyment. A few months' ago, Princess Nazli went to Egypt, and was not allowed to return to Constantinople. She put a thick yashmak and feridjee, borrowed a thousand francs, and travelled back with her English maid, who has now been with her for five years. As soon as they had made a clear start, they threw off yashmak and feridjee, and travelled as two English ladies, until they reached Constantinople, when they again assumed the Oriental costume. Within comparatively recent years, such a proceeding on the part of a Turkish married lady, would have been rewarded by the bowstring, the sack, and the Bosphorus. — *Mrs. Brassey's Sunshine and Storm in the East.*

#### TESTIMONY OF THE MONUMENTS.

Reginald Stanley Poole has published a number of interesting articles in the *Contemporary Review*, on Ancient Egypt, in which he undertakes to answer the question "What do the Monuments tell us of Joseph and Moses, of the settlement in Egypt, and the sojourn in the Exodus?" The first result is a general agreement as to the date of the Exodus. The general opinion has been that it occurred about 1491. Lepsius' theory places the event toward the close of the fourteenth century. Secondly, the date of Joseph. This event would fall before the eighteenth Dynasty, in the latter part of the Shepherd Dominion, before 1700 B. C. The subsequent oppression would have been a consequence of the expulsion of the Shepherds. It is precisely in the later part of the Shepherd Dominion that Dr. Brugsch finds the record of a famine of many years' duration. The story of Joseph is illustrated, step by step, from the Egyptian texts. The tale of the Two Brothers, an Egyptian fiction, has for its turning-point an incident identical with the trial of Joseph. Pharaoh's

dream of kine describes the years of plenty and famine under the usual type of the inundation. The installation of Joseph has its parallel in the case of an Egyptian governor of the age of the eighteenth Dynasty, who received exactly the same office, "Lord of all Egypt." The expression "by the life of Pharaoh," and the custom of bowing upon the staff, are traced by M. Chabas, as usual in the judicial proceedings, and similar to the ordinary oath when the witness bowed on the magistrate's staff of office. The descriptions of Egyptian life and customs, so confirmatory of Scripture record, are very interesting at this time. It is certainly improbable that writers would so minutely describe the circumstances so true to life, unless they were living at the time, and were eye-witnesses of the facts. — *Oriental and Biblical Journal.*

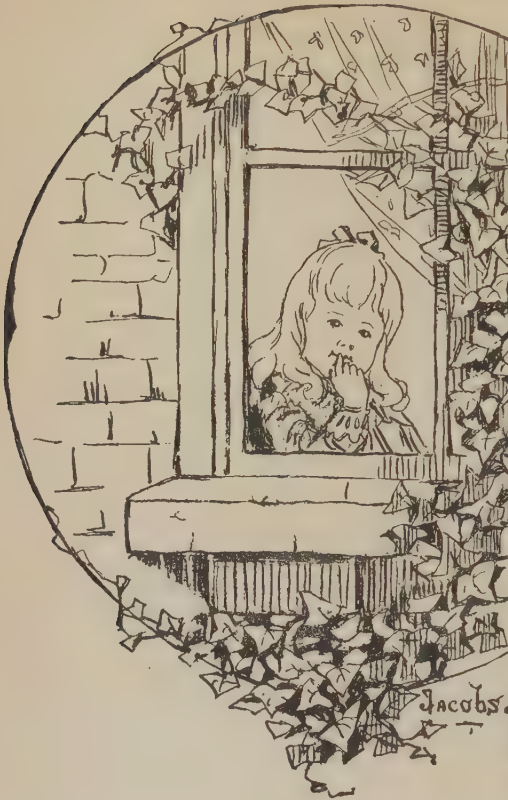
Mr. Rice has a good story of Baron Martin which I do not remember to have heard before. It is as follows: "When travelling as Judge on the Western circuit, he (the Baron) was asked to dine with the Warden of Winchester College. The evening passed very pleasantly, and after bidding his guest good-night, the venerable Warden turned to a friend and said: 'The Judge is a man of great common-sense and shrewdness, but for a gentleman he is the most ignorant man I ever met. He had never even heard of William of Wykeham!' As Baron Martin drove away in his carriage from the Warden's Lodge he exclaimed to his Marshal: 'Well, for a learned man, the Warden is the most ignorant man I ever met, for he did not know that John Day had training stables at Danebury.' " — *London Society.*

Among the many uses of carbolic acid one of the latest is its application to paper. In protecting clothing, blankets, and furs from moths and mildew, carbolic acid, it has long been known, is destructive to insect life, as well as a powerful disinfectant. There is a carbolized paper made by Campbell, Hall & Co. It is perfectly clean, it will not injure the finest fabrics, and is an infallible protection against moths.



[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

## IN THE WINDOW.



In the cottage over the way,  
A child there used to be  
Who sometimes from her window  
Would throw a kiss to me.

I always threw them back again  
As often as they came,  
Yet, strange to say, she always toss-  
ed

Her kisses just the same.

As years passed on I came to know  
And love this little maid,  
But then she was too old and grave  
To throw a kiss, she said.

But many years have gone since  
then,

And the face I used to love  
Is with the ransomed spirits  
In Paradise above.

But ever in my dreaming  
One picture fair I see,

A sweet child under the ivy leaves  
Throwing a kiss to me.

The following anecdote is related of the late Bishop Wilberforce :

Once, having to preach in a church in Regent street, on arriving at the door, he encountered his friend, Mrs. A., in the act of returning to her carriage. 'What! going away?' 'Only because I can't get in.' 'Do you mean that you really *wish* to stop?' 'I came on purpose.' 'Then take my arm.' The crowd at the door was excessive. At last the beadle appeared, to whom the Bishop in his blindest manner said 'You will be so good as to give this lady the best seat in the church.' 'Impossible, sir, church quite full.' The Bishop calmly, but with em-

phasis, repeated his orders. 'Quite impossible,' repeated the beadle; 'I tell you, sir, the church is *full*.' 'O but' was the rejoinder, '*I won't preach if you don't!*' This alarming threat at once opened Bumble's eyes. 'O I beg your pardon, my Lord' (winking); 'this way, *Marm,*' and he deposited Mrs. A. in the churchwarden's luxurious empty pew, under the pulpit.

Heredity is an important fact in Japanese labor. In many of the villages the best workmen trace back their pedigree, both of skill and blood, from three to twenty generations.

## Editor's Portfolio.

There have been many stories of the sagacity of dogs and other household pets going the rounds of the papers of late, and we add to their number these incidents, which have recently come to our notice.

There is in a family of our acquaintance a Skye terrier, a bright, knowing little creature, the household pet and the favorite playmate of the children. Not many weeks since a stray dog, large and ill-shaped, "a pure mongrel," found its way to the hospitable doors of the house where Prince Skye reigned supreme. The poor waif was taken in and fed, and allowed to take his naps by the kitchen-fire, and lie on an old mat in the barn at night. His were none of the extraordinary privileges which made up the life of the pampered favorite, but for all that the aristocratic Skye was devoured by a jealousy which forbade him to look with favor, even for a moment, on this intruder. He snarled at the great, overgrown mongrel, and snapped at him whenever the two met, and the dainty little pet would eat potato, bread, salt ham, and numerous other things, which no amount of persuasion would have induced him to touch in other circumstances, when he was told that if he did not eat them they should be given to Dick. At length there came a time when Prince Skye's jealousy knew no bounds. Roy, one of the younger children, took a great fancy to the new-comer, played with him, fed him, and patted his coarse, black coat. The little dog showed as plainly as though he could speak, his entire disapproval of Master Roy's actions, but to no purpose. At last he openly refused to have anything to do with the child; would not come to him when he called, would not eat anything from his hand, and

deliberately walked away from him whenever he chanced to come near.

Another incident of jealousy in one of the lower orders came under our notice about the same time:

The cook had once saved a little black chicken from a watery grave in a sunken barrel in the barnyard, and had afterwards made a great pet of the little creature. The chicken in due course of time became a large black rooster, and was still petted by the cook, who named him Jack, and taught him to flap his wings and crow for a piece of bread, whenever she chose to ask him. He was a privileged fowl, of course, and walked in at the kitchen window or promenaded up and down the covered area whenever he saw fit. One day this Spring the old white hen came off her nest with a nice brood of twelve chickens. Soon after this the fickle Spring days changed back to Winter ones again, and the poor little chickens could not be left out in the frost and snow. Accordingly they were brought into the area and snugly ensconced under the stairs. The cook cared for them with great tenderness, and one day, while she was feeding them, the rooster Jack walked in, looked for one moment on the scene, made a gurgling noise in his throat, evidently to express his indignation, turned, and in a stately way walked out. Not the most tempting morsel in the house would persuade him to come back, and his friend the cook has scolded and coaxed, all to no purpose. He has never been near the house since, nor has he deigned to accept anything from her hand. It is very evident that he considers his bill broken.

Elsewhere mention is made of the baptism of a number of Indian children at Carlisle, Pa. The school at

that post, the very existence of which was until recently known to but comparatively few, has an interesting history. In 1875 Capt. Pratt was sent to St. Augustine to take charge of a band of Indian prisoners, desperadoes of the worst sort. They were conveyed to their destination in chains and placed in close confinement. Treated well, they became anxious to learn to work, to speak English, and to read, and were permitted to do so. When it was decided to permit them to return, one-third preferred to remain East and learn the ways of civilization. Captain Pratt, after some difficulty, obtained permission to have them placed at the Government school in Hampton, Va. Such was the success of the experiment, that he conceived the idea of utilizing the various unoccupied military posts at the East as training-schools for Indian youth; believing that the result would go far towards solving the Indian problem. Having obtained the requisite authority, he found no little difficulty in inducing the Indians themselves to permit their children to be sent 2000 miles from home for an education, the value of which the parents could not appreciate. But last Autumn he succeeded in bringing from the various Indian agencies 166 youth of both sexes. They came to the school filthy and covered with vermin. The result of five months' training is a complete metamorphosis. They are well clothed and fed and are cleanly, and are now pursuing the elementary branches of education. The boys also learn out-of-door work, and the girls to sew, cook, etc. The most noted Indian chiefs have sent their children to the school. Spotted Tail has four sons and a daughter there. The latter is said to be an example for the school, showing the aptness and docility of a child, with the patience and persistence of a wo-

man. Before long there will be sent from this school to their various tribes young Indians proficient in the mechanical arts, and carrying civilization to their homes.

The description of the character of the unjust judge, given in Scripture, as one who feared not God, neither regarded man, presents the lowest possible depth to which one can fall. There is nothing beneath it. And yet it would hardly be possible to give in so few words a more complete description of Russian Nihilism. As we are becoming daily accustomed to accounts of attempts at assassination in that country, so inquiry is aroused, and we are learning something about that monster which bears this name. It stamps the idea of God as a *lie*, which must be gotten rid of. The next lie is Right. The sole groundwork of society is Might. When the people are convinced of their own might, they can destroy right, and banishing from their minds the fear of God, "Then," says Michael Bakunin, the father of Nihilism, "all the remaining chains which bind you, and which are called science, civilization, property, marriage, morality, and justice, will snap asunder like threads." Everything in the present society must be destroyed, good as well as bad, and on the ruins may be erected a society, whose only law will be individual happiness. These ideas, with all their diabolical consequences, are not merely held as theories, they are acted upon in open and shameless lives, and sought to be made attractive in novels. It seems to us in this country utterly incomprehensible how such doctrines can attain footing and favor in Russia, or indeed anywhere. The explanation in brief appears to be this: For ages Russia has been under an iron rule. Without previ-



ous preparation the serfs were emancipated, and large and liberal concessions were made to a people who had not been educated for liberty, and by a government which itself did not understand the just counterpoise of liberty and law. It was like putting weapons of power for good or ill in the hands of an undisciplined mob. Excesses followed, and it was found necessary again to restrain. Privileges granted were suddenly withdrawn; new laws were arbitrarily repressed. In fact neither government nor people were educated for the new state of things. But a half civilized population, who had once tasted the delights of freedom, now learning that they had been living under a tyranny before, were unwilling to endure the least restraint. Acts of resistance and violence begat stronger measures on the part of the government, and these in turn begat acts of violence. Such an unsettled state of affairs with an ignorant, turbulent, and somewhat brutish people, rendered them fit subjects for discipleship to a doctrine which teaches that property is robbery and all law is oppression. The last dispatches, however, bring intelligence of wiser counsels in the Government, which may succeed in staying the progress of Nihilist sentiments, and by measures of conciliation recall a disquieted populace to reason.

Mr. James Redpath in *The Independent* gives both sides of the Chinese story. The Sand Lot crowd complain that in almost every pursuit in which a workman can be engaged, the Chinese enter as competitors. Being largely single men, paying the lowest possible rent and living upon the cheapest possible food, they are enabled to subsist upon wages on which any man with family, or any decent single man, would starve.

They interfere with the wholesale dealers by manufacturing American goods, though they themselves use nothing of American manufacture. Supposing that there are 40,000 Chinamen who earn \$1 per day, here are \$40,000 per day taken out of the circulation, almost nothing of which is returned, but is sent to China. They buy such goods as they need from their own merchants, who import them from China. Thus in every department of labor Americans are underbidden, and the circulation of money is greatly diminished. Besides, they are inveterate gamblers, and otherwise vicious, and large numbers of them are opium eaters.

*Per contra*, the Chinese servants not only work for fair wages, but are competent, cleanly, docile, submissive, cheerful, and industrious. They are everywhere preferred to Irish servants at the same wages. Before their coming it was hardly possible for persons in moderate circumstances to keep house in California. The Irish girls had everything their own way, dictating to their employers, and being most abusive and defiant to their mistresses. They came and went just as it pleased them, charging from \$25 to \$45 per month. One lady testifies: "The real secret of this outcry against the Chinese is that the Roman Catholic Church can no longer levy a tax on every Protestant family of \$5 a month, which used to be added to the Irish girl's wages; and the Irish girls openly avowed it." Again, while the Chinese pay \$250,000 annually in school taxes to the State of California, yet they are not allowed to send their own children to the public schools, but have to send them to private schools, for which they pay from \$1 to \$5. There are 2,092 such children, of whom 1,500 attend these private

schools. And when it is remembered that these children are born in this country, and are educated in the English branches, it is fair to believe that they will be an improvement upon their parents. And to offset the disagreeable fact that the Chinese emigrants buy next to nothing here, but send their money home, we have the other fact that the value of our exports to China in 1877-8 amounted to \$6,619,490.

While it is not to be denied that there are certain very grave problems connected with the Chinese question, it is evident from the facts presented above, that some of the questions will solve themselves, while it is very certain that the others cannot be settled by the low blackguards who are led by the Sand Lot orators.

Modern research has revealed the fact that there was once a vast and powerful empire, of which there was no record in classical antiquity. But when this fact was ascertained, the next endeavor was to learn the name of this great unknown power. It has come to light at last. That nation so frequently mentioned in Scripture as among the seven, "greater and mightier" than the Hebrews—the nation of the *Hittites*—has been proved to be the object of search.

The kings of the Hittites not only existed, but were powerful enough to threaten Assyria on the one hand and Egypt on the other, and to carry the arts and culture of the Euphrates to the Euxine and Ægean Seas. The Hittites, called Kheta by the Egyptians, and Khatti by the Assyrians, first appear on the monuments of the Egyptian monarch Thothmes III., in the 16th century before the Christian era.

From being tributaries they became rivals. Rameses II., the Sesos-

tris of Greek historians, whose accession may be placed about 1400 B. C., found himself attacked in the fourth year of his reign by a wide-reaching confederacy of Asiatic nations, who all owned the supremacy of the Hittite princes of Carchemish and Kadesh. The Hittite monarch had gathered under his flag the tribes of Mesopotamia, of Western Armenia, and of Asia Minor. After a war lasting twenty-one years, both sides became weary of the contest, and a treaty was concluded. It was an offensive and defensive alliance, and was observed for about a century, when the parties again engaged in hostilities. The Hittites were driven northward, where they established a powerful empire.

In the reign of the Assyrian monarch, Tiglath-Pileser I. (B. C. 1130), they were still paramount from the Euphrates to Lebanon. They had subdued the Aramean tribes of Syria; Pethor, the home of Balaam, at the junction of the Sajur and the Euphrates, had become a Hittite city, and their sway extended as far as the Euxine. The Colchians and Urumians, who inhabited Western Armenia or Cappadocia, were tributary to the King of Carchemish, and furnished him with troops, 4,000 of whom were defeated by the Assyrian invader. But from this time onward the power of the Hittites was on the wane. Their last King, Pisiris, was defeated and slain, B. C. 717, and Carchemish, their capital city, was made the seat of an Assyrian governor. The site of this city was long a hotly debated question. The discovery of its real position is due to the British Consul at Aleppo, and the verification of the discovery was the last achievement of Mr. George Smith, the lamented Assyrian decipherer. Certain inscriptions had been found in Nineveh, in

the ancient Hamath, and other places, which for a long time defied the skill of scholars. It is now found that they were in the characters used by the ancient Hittites, whose capital is proved to have been situated on the west bank of the Euphrates, mid-way between the villages of Sajur and Birejik. In the researches which have been made, there is evidence that the Hittites once made their way as far as the Ægean. We can trace them by the monuments they have left behind, to the Black Sea on the one hand, and to Lydia on the other. In moving westward they followed two paths, the northern one along which Croesus afterwards marched against Cyrus, and the southern one subsequently traversed by Xenophon and the Ten Thousand. Both met in Sardes, and here in the capital of Lydia was the centre from which Hittite influence in the west may have radiated, if it ever did so at all. But of this there can be no doubt.

What they were in race and language is still unknown, and can only be determined when the excavations at Jerabis have been carried further, and the discovery of more inscriptions has furnished us with means of deciphering them.

The latest religious novelty is the Salvation Army. It appears that some years ago a gentleman of position and fortune in England, shocked at the vast amount of wickedness and indifference among the lower classes, labored among them with some success. In this work he was aided at first by the members of his own family. Several others having coöperated with him, the idea was conceived of organizing an association in the form of an army, having its officers, its regular system of drill and discipline, and all under the command of a general,

whose orders were to be obeyed implicitly. The military style and form are closely followed. Orders are issued from headquarters. The preachers or evangelists are to proceed to any post to which they are assigned, and raise a "force" for the salvation of that district. The army is officered by women as well as men. Thus far there has been no hesitation, at a moment's notice, at the command of the general, to leave whatever worldly vocation they may be pursuing, pack up, and start with their families to take a town or district for Christ. The work is sustained by contributions from those who attend the services, and donations from persons interested. There is thus raised the sum of £12,000 annually. General Booth, the commander-in-chief, claims that the work has been attended with remarkable success. "Poor people, when they join the ranks, give up drinking and smoking along with their other bad habits." Total abstinence and forswearing tobacco, are not required, but there is a temperance pledge connected with the army, and many take it from choice. The mode of proceeding is as follows: A detachment enters a town marching in ranks, and singing their battle songs, which are homely but stirring hymns, set generally to the tunes of familiar secular songs. They proceed to some place either in the street or in a hall, and begin a series of meetings conducted with prayer, hymns, and exhortations. The addresses are to the common people, in language best suited to their comprehension. The recruits that by this means are enlisted are enrolled, and never afterwards lost sight of. If they are sick they are visited and provided for as their need may require; but very little is given in charity. On the 10th of March, in the steamer *Australia*, from London,



eight persons, consisting of one man, called a commissioner, and seven women, of whom one was captain and the remainder lieutenants, arrived at Castle Garden, in this city. One of the women carried a flag of red and blue, with a bright yellow sun in the centre, around which were the words "Salvation Army." The same words in gold letters, on a red silk band, were around the hats of each. They stated their intention to begin work in this city at once. According to a little circular, which sets forth the nature and results of the army's work, it now embraces 122 corps, directed by 195 officers. Meetings are held every week in 188 theatres, dance-halls, warehouses, etc., in London, and the aggregate number of these meetings annually is 45,000. It is estimated that 60,000 persons attend these meetings each week, and 74,000 the Sunday night services, while the weekly attendance at the open-air meetings is put down as 2,000,000. Last year £16,500 were raised by voluntary contributions to carry on the work.

Commissioner Railton, not being "an ordained minister of any religious denomination," failed to obtain permission to preach in the streets. He sent a communication to the mayor, threatening that in case permission was not granted, he should remove the headquarters of the army in America to some other city.

We call attention to the advertisement of Mr. J. White Kelly of 1,520 Broadway, New York, maker of Church Vestments, Clergy Clothing, and supplying all articles pertaining to Church and Clerical use—a business of much importance to both clergy and laity. Mr. Kelly is a communicant of the Church, and furnishes the highest references from both bishops and clergy, for whom he has made Robes and Clothing.

In a case of dispute between two parties, it is generally understood that he who loses his temper is the person in the wrong. Hence when the *New York Observer*, in its denunciation of the English Church for having such a Bishop as Colenso, says of our little magazine that it "shows its belief that the Ninth Commandment is not now binding, if it ever was," and, not to be outdone, immediately shows what it can do in that line itself, by ranking us as one of the organs of Ritualism, that paper has lost its temper, and is presumptively in the wrong.

Let us see if we can make the matter clear. The *Observer* says that "one hundred and more members of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel sustained Colenso, who boldly teaches that the Ten Commandments are a fraud, and were never given by God." The *Observer's* authority for this statement is an "inference" of the *Record*—not a very trustworthy commentator on the proceedings of that Society. The fact is that what these hundred and more members voted *against*, was the *reaffirming* of a resolution which they had already voted *for*; and therefore they did not deem it necessary to repeat their action. Not only so, but this was declared and understood to be the reason for their so voting, especially at that time, when the passage of such a reaffirmation might be regarded as reflecting upon some other parties. Wise or unwise, that was their reason for voting against the resolution in question—not that they wished to uphold Colenso.

But to their shame be it said, there were some members of the Society who voted against the resolution because they would uphold the heretical Colenso, and among them was

Dean Stanley. And, according to the accounts we have read, he was the only one who stood up and defended Colenso through and through—his *theology*, his episcopate, and his missionary work. If there was any other who did so, we have no account of it. Such being the case, who “sustained Colenso,” they who declared that they had no intention of doing so, or Dean Stanley, who declared that he meant to sustain him?

But the *Observer* goes on to state that Colenso's archdeacon went to Africa with the approval of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Exeter, and of the Lord Bishop of Worcester, and others. The action of these persons in bidding God-speed to Archdeacon Colley, cannot be defended. A threat was made to strike their names from the list of officers of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. But their giving a letter of good-will to a missionary under Colenso, however deserving of censure, is a very different thing from standing up publicly and in a long speech defending the theology of an infidel Bishop, as Dean Stanley did. One is compromising principle, the other is championship.

But the *Observer's* first articles were a denunciation of the *Church of England* for having such a Bishop as Colenso. We insist that it is unfair to indulge in such censure without letting its readers know that Colenso was a Bishop made by the State, against the protest of the Church. And the Church, State-bound, could not help herself, especially as there were other State-made bishops who would consecrate him. But the Church did all it could do in the case. It *deposed* Colenso, and still refuses to recognize the validity of his episcopal acts. It consecrated another bishop, whom it recognizes

as the only one lawfully exercising the Episcopate in Natal. But the *State* still recognizes Colenso, and secures to him his revenues. With these facts, well known to the *Observer*, is it fair repeatedly to cast censure upon the Church without letting its readers know that the Church has done all it could to erase the stigma, and that the man whom the *Observer* and its friends not long ago lionized (Stanley) stands forth the avowed champion of “Colenso, who boldly teaches that the Ten Commandments are a fraud, and were never given from God”? As for others in the English Church, who may suffer themselves to be compromised by a quasi-endorsement of Colenso, we do not see how the Church of England could be held responsible for their sayings and doings any more than the Presbyterian Church in the United States could be held responsible for any sharp business transactions among its members.

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Our Roman Catholic friends have the credit of being worldly wise. They show themselves good financiers in accumulating, investing, and looking sharply after the dollars. Sometimes a little awkwardness appears, indeed, but that matters not, provided the money is secured. Here is an instance: In 1874 one Martin Power of Philadelphia died, leaving his residuary estate to “St. Mary's Catholic church, to be expended for masses for the repose of my soul.” But by a law of the State of Pennsylvania, no bequest to any charitable or religious institution shall be valid unless made at least one month before the death of the testator. Now Mr. Power died July 23d, his will having been made on the 9th of the same month. This, of course, renders the bequest to St. Mary's void, and the judge so decid-

ed. But here the worldly wisdom of our Roman friends came to their aid. That legacy must be secured at all hazards. The decision was appealed from on the ground that the bequest was *not a religious or charitable one!* Strange to say the appeal was sustained, the judge in his opinion maintaining that "the object of the testator was as purely private and selfish as if he had bequeathed a fund to the Church for the erection of a monument to himself, or the purchase and maintenance of a pew for his family, both of which gifts have been held not to be charities."

The lecture in Chickering Hall on Saturday afternoon, by the Rev. Newland Maynard, F.R.H.S., was not to a crowded, but to a full and select, audience. The subject was "Paris, Past and Present," treated briefly with regard to its history, but dwelt upon longer with regard to its artistic and architectural merits. The stereopticon views were very fine, including first a ground-plan of the city, after that views of statuary and all the chief buildings, both interiors and exteriors. The lecturer has a most interesting and interested manner, and was appreciated by his audience. For his few telling remarks upon Communism, he was loudly applauded.

Miss Clara M. Spence made her first appearance in this city on Saturday evening, March 20th, as a public reader and reciter. Her natural grace, her deep, sweet voice, and her evident earnestness, at once made a favorable impression upon her audience. Her programme was a peculiar one, and rather unfortunately selected, embracing several different styles, most of which she did with great elocutionary skill. Her voice is more powerful than sympathetic. She has no little sense of hu-

mor, but though she relates her "Sad Story" with earnestness, she impresses her hearers with the idea that she is incapable of feeling for the sorrows of the bereaved mother whose tale she tells. Her descriptions also she makes by far too impressive. Mr. Ruskin's advice to all artists is "Save your high lights." These are her few faults, but they are more the faults of inexperience than of inability. She has not yet found out what she can do best. When she does, her success must be complete. We wish her all encouragement.

For some time past a series of exasperating annoyances has been kept up by some cowardly fellow, who has made the Rev. Dr. Dix his victim. This person has sent in Dr. Dix's name answers to advertisements of various kinds, requesting the advertiser to call at the doctor's residence. Not satisfied with this, letters signed by the name of Dr. or Mrs. Dix have been sent to pawnbrokers, old clothes dealers, real estate agents, and finally divorce lawyers, requesting them to call at an appointed hour. This has been kept up for weeks. The object is evidently blackmail; but the police have as yet failed to discover the perpetrator of these dastardly annoyances. One reason of the failure is no doubt due to the fact that the city papers, seemingly more anxious to publish sensational news than to see the ends of justice accomplished, have, by spreading the facts abroad, accompanied with praises of his genius and skill, given the miscreant a notoriety which has no doubt flattered his vanity, as well as kept him informed that measures were on foot for his detection. *Later.*—There can be no doubt at the time of this writing, that the author of these persecutions has been arrested. It is a case of scoundrelism in high life.



NEW YORK CITY.—The Rev. Dr. Bolles of Cleveland, Ohio, delivered recently in Grace Hall, in this city, two lectures on the religion of Shakespeare, defending him from the assaults of Ingersoll. The lectures were attended by good and appreciative audiences.—On Sunday evening, Feb. 28th, Bishop Starkey preached in Trinity chapel a sermon in behalf of the Home for Old Men and Aged Couples.—The Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Sen., attained his 80th year on the first of March. He preached in the church of the Holy Trinity, of which his son is rector, on Sunday, March 11th.—Mr. Peter C. Van Schaick, who died at his residence at Throggs Neck on the 24th of February, left the following bequests to religious and charitable objects: To the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, \$30,000; of this sum the Committee of Domestic Missions is to receive \$10,000, the Committee for Foreign Missions \$10,000, and the Committee of Home Missions to Colored People, \$10,000; to the American Bible Society, \$10,000; to St. Luke's Home for Indigent Christian Females in New York, \$5,000; to the Home for Old Men and Aged Couples, Hudson street, \$5,000; to the Woman's Hospital, New York, \$10,000; to the Children's Aid Society, \$5,000; to the Five Points House of Industry, \$5,000; to the Protestant Episcopal Church of Kinderhook, \$5,000; to the Trustees of the Infirm and Aged Clergy Fund, Diocese of New York, \$5,000; to the Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Fund for Seamen, New York, \$5,000; to the Treasurer of the Southern Association of the Diocese of New York (counties of Westchester, Rockland, and Putnam), \$5,000; to the City Missionary So-

ciety of the Protestant Episcopal Church, \$5,000; to the New York Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor, \$5,000; to the Midnight Mission, \$5,000; to the treasurer for the time being of the Church Mission to the Jews, New York, \$5,000. The corporations, societies, and officers named are constituted residuary legatees. The sum of \$15,000 is set apart for the establishment of a free reading-room in the village of Westchester, as a memorial to his beloved wife.—After a long negotiation efforts to bring about a union of Christ and Zion churches have failed, Zion church and the Church of the Atonement have, however, effected an arrangement, according to which the two congregations will be united in one corporation, which will bear the name of Zion church.

LONG ISLAND.—The Rev. George R. Vandewater was on Sunday, Feb. 15th, instituted rector of St. Luke's church, the Rev. Dr. Diller having retired.—The Rev. D. V. M. Johnson has become president of the Church Charity Foundation, in place of the Rev. Dr. Diller.—On Sunday, Feb. 29, Bishop Littlejohn confirmed twenty in St. Paul's church, Brooklyn.—On Sunday, March 14th, in the Church of the Redeemer, Brooklyn, Bishop Littlejohn confirmed fifty persons. On Tuesday, March 16th, in the Chapel of the Cathedral, Garden City, he confirmed twenty-one.—On Thursday, March 18, a meeting of the Queens County Missionary Association was held in the chapel of St. George's church, Flushing. In the evening, in the church, addresses were made by Dr. Bunn of the China Mission, and the Rev. Mr. Kimber.—The venerable Dr. Carmichael has been prostrated by a stroke of paralysis, and is still con-

fined to his bed at his residence in Jamaica.—Mr. James N. Sterry, organist of St. James church, Newtown, died recently. He was widely known and loved as an accomplished organist, and a devout and earnest Churchman.—The Hon. Bradford L. Prince, Chief Justice of New Mexico, last Autumn bore away a bride to his new home. A few weeks since he returned to Long Island to consign her remains to the grave.—The Sunday-school Convocation met in St. Ann's church, Brooklyn, on Monday evening, March 15th.—Old St. Ann's is undergoing demolition to make room for the Suspension Bridge between New York and Brooklyn.

ALBANY.—St. John's House, which is attached to the Child's Hospital in Albany, was formally opened on Monday, Feb. 2d.—On Sunday, Feb. 15th, the Rev. William M. Barker, assistant minister of St. John's church, Troy, was ordained priest.—The building of a church at Raquette Lake is in contemplation.

CENTRAL NEW YORK.—On Thursday, Feb. 5th, Bishop Huntington consecrated St. Mark's church, Jamesville.

WESTERN NEW YORK.—On Sunday, Feb. 15th, in St. Paul's church, Rochester, the Bishop confirmed twenty-one persons.—On Sunday, March 14th, in Trinity church, Rochester, Bishop Coxe confirmed seventeen persons, and in St. James's church, twenty-four.

MASSACHUSETTS.—On Friday, Feb. 6th, the congregation of St. Michael's church, Marblehead, celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the opening of the church after its closing during the Revolutionary War.—Bishop Paddock confirmed four persons in Christ church, Hyde Park, on the 29th of February.

CONNECTICUT.—The Rev. Charles M. Sellick has accepted the rectorship of St. Paul's church, Norwalk, made vacant by the death of the venerable Dr. W. M. Mead.

NEW JERSEY.—Mrs. Mary Davenport Chapman, widow of the late Rev. James Chapman, who was for thirty-three years rector of the church in Perth Amboy, died in that city on the 20th of February, in the 82d year of her age.—On Sunday, March 7th, Bishop Scarborough confirmed in Christ church, Bordentown, eleven persons; in St. Stephen's, Florence, three. On the 14th, in St. Mary's church, Burlington, eighteen persons, in St. Barnabas church, twelve, and in Christ church, Princeton, five.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Bishop Vail has recently been doing duty for the Bishop of Pennsylvania. He recently confirmed eleven persons in St. James's church, Perkiomen, and forty-six persons in St. Barnabas church, Kensington.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.—On Sunday, Feb. 8th, the Rev. W. C. Leverett, in St. John's church, Carlisle, baptized thirty-four Indian youth, twelve girls and twenty-two boys. They are pupils in the Indian Training School at the Carlisle Barracks, and were brought from Indian agencies at the West.

PITTSBURGH.—On Wednesday, March 10th, Bishop Kerfoot confirmed in St. Peter's church, Butler, eight persons.

MARYLAND.—On Monday, Feb. 16th, in the Henshaw Memorial Church, Baltimore, the Bishop confirmed twenty-five persons. Feb. 20th, in St. Matthew's church he confirmed nineteen persons; March 2d, in Trinity church, ten; in St. Luke's church, twenty-six.—A three days' missionary conference was held in Washington City, beginning on Tuesday, Feb.

24th; the attendance was large, and addresses were made by Bishops Vail and Pinkney, the Domestic and Foreign Secretaries, and several others. —The new church of St. Michael and All Angels, the Rev. W. Kirkus rector, was formally opened on Wednesday, March 3d. —The twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of Trinity church, Baltimore, the Rev. G. A. Leakin rector, was held on Sunday, March 14th.

GEORGIA.—In Macon the Bishop recently confirmed in Christ church thirteen persons, in St. John's, twenty-two, in St. Paul's, seventeen, and in St. Barnabas, six.

MISSISSIPPI.—On Sunday, Feb. 15th, in Trinity church, Natchez, the Bishop confirmed sixteen persons, making a total of forty-two within nine months. On the same day Mr. John L. N. Noble was ordained deacon.

SPRINGFIELD.—On Sunday, March 22d, Bishop Seymour confirmed, in Centralia, ten persons.

OHIO.—On Sunday, Feb. 15th, in St. Luke's church, Cleveland, the Bishop confirmed eight persons. —On Sunday, Feb. 22d, Bishop Bedell ordained to the priesthood in Trinity church, Cleveland, the Rev. W. T. Whitmarsh, late a Baptist minister.

SOUTHERN OHIO.—A memorial window to the late Bishop Chase has been placed in the chancel of St. Paul's church, Cincinnati. —On Sunday, March 14th, in Grace church, College Hill, Bishop Jaggar confirmed five persons.

WESTERN MICHIGAN.—On Sunday, March 14th, in St. Luke's church, Kalamazoo, Bishop Gillespie confirmed nine persons, and in the evening in St. Barnabas chapel, seventeen.

Our intention is to admit into our advertising columns nothing except

from reliable parties. Those who desire flower seeds may be assured that Mr. McAllister will give entire satisfaction.

#### FOREIGN.

GERMANY.—In Germany the spelling reform is not left to individuals and societies. The government espouses the cause. The Prussian Minister of Education recently issued a prescript specifying such words the spelling of which is to be different from that which has hitherto prevailed. All teachers are required to introduce the change on the first of April. All new school-books are henceforth to be printed with the reformed spelling, and no educational works with the old spelling will be permitted to be used in schools after the lapse of a certain interval. The Governments of Austria, Bavaria, and Württemberg, had adopted the new spelling some little time before that of Prussia. With the exception of one or two limited classes of words the reformed orthography has already received the adherence of the leading organs of the daily and periodical press. The changes after all are very limited. In an ordinary German newspaper not more than from 1 to 2 per cent. of the words appear with a different spelling from that hitherto prevailing.

FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* writes:

The spell under which Moderate Catholics in France have lain for some years is evidently at an end. The sermons of Père Didon, who is said, when told he might be rebuked by authority, to have replied that his opinions were known and approved at Rome, is by no means the only instance of this. The Bishop of Châlons, in a pastoral deprecating secular education, exhorts parents, if this system should be adopted—to withdraw their children, and establish rival schools? No, but to repair



the misfortune as far as they can by undertaking themselves in their own homes the task of Christian instruction hitherto devolving on schoolmasters and mistresses. Monseigneur Guilbert, Bishop of Gap in 1877, who was struck off the list of patrons of the Toulouse Catholic University because he had declared that the Church should not ally itself with any political party, has lately, on his translation to Amiens, reiterated the same doctrine, and this time without a murmur of disapproval from his fellow-prelates. Lastly, I have received the proof-sheets of a pastoral by the Bishop of Tarentaise, to be published this week by MM. Plon, under the title of "Léon XIII. et sa Mission Providentielle," which represents that mission as one of pacification. The Bishop, who has paid a visit to Rome, and had several conversations with the Pope, reviews his career both before and since his accession, dwelling on his contact with the Italian Government while Bishop of Perugia, his exhortation to Catholic journalists to avoid violence and rancor, his advocacy of philosophical studies, his condemnation of attacks on the Belgian Constitution, his upholding of episcopal authority (against the ascendancy of hot-headed laymen, though the Bishop does not bluntly say so), his overtures to Germany and Russia, &c. The Bishop's conclusion is that Leo XIII. will reconcile faith and reason, the Papacy and secular Governments. What gives significance to this pamphlet is that the Pope, while modestly transferring to the Church the encomiums lavished on himself, distinctly endorses this view of his mission. The Popes, he says, have always aimed, according to time and circumstances, at harmonious relations between the spiritual and civil power, and he holds it fit not to deviate from this line of conduct. Of course, the Pope could not directly disavow his predecessor's policy, but it is worthy of remark that his brief commending this pastoral contains no mention of Pius IX. The embarrassment of the Ultramontane organs at this turn in the tide is manifest. As a rule they studiously ignore every document or incident showing the existence of a moderate party. Thus Père Didon

is treated with a "conspiracy of silence."

*The Foreign Church Chronicle and Review* for March opens with a sketch of the life of Bishop Whittingham. The second article is on Dr. Von Döllinger, the main portion of which we give to our readers. There is also an account of a visit to Padre Cruci. An article entitled 'The Literary and Theological Fraud,' is by the Rev. H. N. Oxenham. He had published a book under the title of 'An Eirenicon of the Eighteenth Century,' which was first printed in 1704, and purported to be written by a clergyman of the Church of England. The Rev. Dr. Adams of Nashotah reviewed the book, stigmatizing it as the work of a Roman Catholic who assumed this disguise. Mr. Oxenham's reply is not successful in disproving Dr. Adams' charge that the book was a literary and theological fraud. The other papers are 'Failing Supply of Clergy in Italy,' 'Religious Questions in Germany and Switzerland,' 'Letter from Bohemia,' 'Brazil Preaching,' 'The Church of Constantinople,' by Canon Curtis; 'The *Deutscher Merkur* on the Anglo-Continental Society,' 'Reform in the Church of France,' and Book Notices.

This quarterly is published in the interests of the Anglo-Continental Society, whose object, briefly expressed, is to make the principles of the Church of England known in other countries, to help other Churches in the work of internal reformation, and to save the unsettled from drifting into infidelity. The magazine is conducted by the Ven. Prebendary Meyrick, whose works have made his name known and honored on both continents.

Prove to me that you can control yourself, and I'll say you are an educated man; and without this, all other education is good for next to nothing. —Mrs. Oliphant.

## Editor's Book Table.

**THE STRAIT GATE; or, The Way to God.** A Churchman's Manual for the Heirs of Salvation. Composed and Compiled by the author of "Words for the Faithful." New York: American Church Press, 76 East Ninth Street.

It is not easy to describe this volume. It is a *multum in parvo*. Beginning with a series of private prayers for persons in almost any conceivable position, it proceeds with an explanation of the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments; directions for preparing for, and coming to, the Holy Communion; the Rubrics; extracts from the Canons; notes on sins and their remedies; rules for interpreting the Ten Commandments; things to be known concerning the Church; a synopsis of the Psalms; together with other matters of kindred nature, in the midst of which is a manual of prayers for every day in the week. We commend the book as well for the useful information it contains as for the spiritual benefit which may be derived from its proper use.

**CHRIST BEARING WITNESS TO HIMSELF.** Being the Donnellian Lectures for the Year 1878-9. Delivered in the Chapel of Trinity College, Dublin. By the Rev. George A. Chadwick, D.D. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

These lectures are six in number. The idea pervading them is this—that such a Person as our Lord is described to be in the New Testament, could not possibly have been the creation of any poet, writer of fiction, or artist. All the tests of criticism are rigidly applied to examine the simple story given in the Gospels, and to observe whether at any point the character ceases to be consistent. The doctrine of the Incarnation implies that in addition to Christ's supreme virtues and divinity, He was "so completely hu-

man that in no recorded act or word of His should the salt of genuine humanity have lost its savor." As the objections of Renan, Strauss, and others are founded—where the "mythical theory" will not apply—mainly upon supposed inconsistencies, improbabilities, and want of *vraisemblance* in the narratives, this ground is fully traversed, and the objections are thoroughly sifted. Not only so: the admissions of skeptical writers are quoted and brought to sustain the argument of the lecturer, that the words, acts, and miracles of Christ bear witness to the doctrine that He was, indeed, the God-Man. As a specimen of the author's style, we quote the following:

Where are the religions of Egypt, Babylon, and Tyre? They are dead; they are buried in sombre and profound sepulchres. It is seldom that a lonely student spells out painfully the inscription upon the walls of their funereal vaults. Where is the bright and romantic religion of Greece and Rome? This also is dead, the sweetest poetry could only embalm it, we gaze upon the fair features, but there is no voice nor any to answer us—" 'tis Greece, but living Greece no more." And if the religions of the East live on, they are bedridden, blind, paralyzed, and imbecile, and only serve to emphasize the difference between senility and eternal youth. But where is the religion of Judæa? It lives, transmuted and exalted above its former self; its temples overtop our proudest palaces; its narrow intolerance has been shaken off, like the husk of a chrysalis from the winged and lovely creature whose flight is to be henceforth unfettered as the winds.

And you think this unique immortality was given to it by a series of contemptible plagiarisms upon itself?

Nothing less than an indisputable resurrection has to be explained. The hopes, the convictions of God's ancient people, and whatever made Israel dwell alone among the nations,

all this was buried in the grave dug for the nation by the steel of Rome. But the stone is removed, and the creed is abroad in the world again, ten times more beautiful and bright, "raised a spiritual body," in the faith of Jesus, the divine creed which fills the world to-day. And the skeptic's only explanation of this great fact is droller than a farce. We ask him to account for a perfect originality which perfectly conforms itself to intricate and multiform predilections; we invite him to solve the problem of a human character which is at once simple, kindly, blameless, and prodigious in its assumptions, and his answer is like a poor guess at a bad conundrum, that perhaps the five porches at Bethesda were suggested by the five books of Moses, which could not heal the impotence of man; that perhaps he had lain there eight-and-thirty years because that was the space for which Israel was turned back into the wilderness upon refusing to invade Canaan; that perhaps when the crowds were fed there were left seven baskets full of fragments to typify the seven deacons, or twelve to symbolize the twelve apostles.

And he thinks that by a process so idiotic, Judaism was uplifted into Christianity, and the character of Jesus was wrought out. That thus was generated this power to meet the demands of new races, times, and principles, this firmness amid ten thousand shocks, this iron hand to grasp the reins of human progress, and roll in the dust whoever has disputed for eighteen centuries its right to be the charioteer, all embodied in the simple story of one inhabitant of Nazareth.

Well, then, we may at least congratulate him upon his courage when he taunts the Christian with credulity, for there is no miracle in the inspired volume so contrary to experience or so wildly incredible as this.

Mr. C. F. Roper, 62 Duane street, has published a very useful manual for the clergy, under the title "Index Collectarum." It is a key to the subjects of the petitions in the Collects of the Prayer Book. The subjects are alphabetically arranged, and by numerals the Collects are designated.

**DAILY FAMILY PRAYER FOR CHURCHMEN.**  
By William Walsham How, M.A.  
Ninth Edition, enlarged. London:  
W. W. Gardner. New York: Pott,  
Young & Co.

The prayers are compiled mostly from ancient sources, and are brief, simple, comprehensive, and highly suitable for use in a family. In addition to the devotions for Wednesday and Friday, a litany service to be used at discretion is provided. There are also special prayers for the various seasons of the Church, and the Collects of the Prayer Book are printed at the close of the volume.

*Scribner's Magazine* for April opens with an exquisite narrative poem called *Fra Luigi's Marriage*, by H. H., with an illustration by R. Blum. Scattered through the number are also poems by Charles de Kay, Dora Reade Goodale, W. P. Foster, Violet Hunt, E. D. R. Bianciardi and Marie Mason. E. P. Roe's fourth paper on *Success with Small Fruits* is profusely and beautifully illustrated by W. Hamilton Gibson, Mary Hallock Foote, Jessie Curtis and others. A highly entertaining paper, humorous and not without information, is *Rocky Mountain Mules*, by Earnest Ingersoll. It is to be hoped that any one who has been interested in the chapters on Western travel and adventure which have been so popular of late, will not fail to read this one.

There is very much in this April number which is good, but we must leave our readers to make their own selections while we quote in full the following from *Topics of the Time*:

One of the sad things—almost the only sad thing—connected with the tremendous popular interest in art that has been developed in America within the last few years, is that there are multitudes engaged in its study with the utterly futile hope that in some way they can make it a



source of livelihood to them. How many women there are at this moment painting porcelain, and dreaming of returns, who will never realize a penny from their enterprise, the public will never know, but the number is very large. The young men and young women in the various art-schools, learning to draw, are most of them looking forward to a life of remunerative art-work which will never be accomplished. Lacking invention, genius, originality, they will not be able to produce pictures that will sell, and they will be much disappointed.

The marvel to us is that so few, in the presence of notorious facts suggesting opposite action, should think of becoming engravers upon wood. The busiest people we know of in the United States are wood-engravers. We do not know of one who has not all he can do, and more too. Every good engraver is busy up to the measure of his strength and endurance, and even the commonplace and poor engravers have their hands full of commonplace and poor work, of which there is an enormous amount done in this country. There is a vast field for this latter work in all sorts of illustrated catalogues, and second and third rate periodicals; and the field promises to become larger rather than smaller. We feel that art-schools themselves are much at fault in not providing facilities for teaching this branch of art-work, and the very first thing for them to do is to establish classes in wood-engraving under the charge of competent masters. There is no question that a good engraver on wood can get a good living. There is a good deal of question as to whether an excellent painter or sculptor can get his bread by his work. Pictures are luxuries, while engravings are in the line of great business enterprises that demand and must have them.

There is a prejudice among artistically inclined people against the work of the engraver. It is widely regarded as pretty purely mechanical, but in these days, it takes an artist to engrave, and men can make great reputations in the art-world as engravers. Mr. Linton, Mr. Anthony, Mr. Cole and Mr. Marsh are eminent men — men as well and favorably

known as the best of our artists, and known for the same reason, viz: that they are artists.

In order to attract attention to this most important field of art-work, we have concluded to offer three premiums to pupils for the best work, as follows: \$100, \$75, and \$50, respectively, to the first, second and third best specimens of wood-engraving, produced and sent to this office any time during the present year, 1880, by pupils in any art-school or under any private teacher in the United States. We shall need to see only proofs, accompanied by the teacher's certificate that the competitor submitting them is in reality a pupil who has never done engraving for the public or for pay.

We propose, as the board of judges, Mr. Alexander W. Drake, superintendent of the department of illustration in *Scribner's Monthly* and *St. Nicholas*, Mr. Timothy Cole, a practical engraver of the first rank, and Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne, who is probably the best printer of wood-engravings in the United States. We can assure all competitors that they will have at the hands of this board competent and fair treatment. Its decision will be rendered January 1st, 1881, and the awards will be promptly made. In case any pupil wishing to compete has really done unimportant work for pay, he or she shall send proofs of it, and the judges shall decide at discretion whether it is important enough to vitiate the claim to be considered still a pupil.

*St. Nicholas* for April has for a frontispiece a beautiful picture entitled 'A Burial at Sea,' engraved after a painting by Henry Bacon. This April number contains as usual very many good things, and some very good illustrations; but it has also some poor ones. It seems a great pity that a man with the talent that Kelly possesses should allow himself to make as bad a drawing as that illustrative of 'What Happened to Janjan.' 'Jack and Jill' completes its tenth chapter. One cannot help envying Miss Alcott's children—the good times they always have. They are not model children,

they are sometimes very 'slangy' indeed; but they are certainly very natural, and one must enjoy reading about them. The story of 'St. George and the Dragon' is beautifully told in ballad form by Mrs. E. W. Latimer, and illustrated by Alfred Fredericks. 'Daffy-Down-Dilly' is an exquisite little poem by Susan Hartley. 'A Dead City' and 'Easter in Rome' are two interesting and instructive papers. 'Dear Little Deer' is descriptive of the mouse-deer found in India and the islands near there, by Olive Thorne Miller. 'Getting Acquainted' is a pretty little picture by Mrs. C. A. Northam. There are also in this number two or three short stories, more poetry, and the conclusion of William A. Stoddard's 'Among the Lakes.' In the next number will begin 'The Fairport Nine,' by Noah Brooks, a continued tale of the adventures of a boys' base-ball Nine.

There is a great deal of very interesting reading matter in the April *Harper's*. "Music and Musicians in England," by Mrs. Lillie, heads the list. This is followed by "Some Pennsylvania Nooks," by Ella Rodman Church. "La Villa Real de Santa Fe," presents a strikingly interesting picture of the capital of New Mexico as it is, with a brief sketch of its history and legends. However interesting Miss J. L. Cloud finds the inhabitants of "An Irish Fishing Village," which she describes, she fails in making them appear more than ordinarily so to her readers. Mrs. Mary Treat makes her studies from life nearer home, and entertains her readers with lively accounts of the homes and the ways of the "Tiger" and "Turret" spiders, and other inmates of her "one acre of ground." Additional interest is attached to these from the fact that the "Tiger" and "Turret"

spiders are new to science, and that Mrs. Treat relies on her own observation for her facts. W. C. Prime in his own clear fashion seems to exhaust the subject of "Bible Illustration," bringing forth new ideas and theories and unearthing old ones. He entirely separates early illustrations from works of art. With regard to illustrations he says, "No rule of art controlled them except the rule of so making the picture as best to accomplish the object. Intelligibility is essential to illustration. Truth is not always intelligible." If there is a weak point in the contents it is to be found in the short stories. "Mr. Wither-ton's Romance," though faulty, is witty enough to pass with the average newspaper story; but "An Easter Card," by Virginia W. Johnson, is not gracefully written, is decidedly unnatural and wholly without plot. There is an evident attempt at a moral.

In *Appleton's Journal* for April 'The Seamy Side' is concluded. The interesting sketch 'The Return of the Princess,' is continued. In a paper on 'The Suez Canal' an extraordinary exhibit is made, not only of the cost of the canal, but of gross frauds and oppression on the part of those who constructed it. B. W. Richardson, M.D., gives the first paper of a series of articles on 'Health at Home.' There is a review of Huth's 'Life of Buckle,' by G. A. Simcox, taken from the *Fortnightly Review*. 'The New Fiction,' by Henry Holbeach, is an instructive review of the kind of criticism which fiction, including poetry, had to undergo from many religious teachers of the last generation, and discusses the causes of the changed tone in this respect. Hugh James Rose in *Temple Bar* has an interesting sketch of 'Middle-Class Domestic Life in Spain.' An amusing paper by

H. Sutherland Edwards on 'Stage Anomalies' is taken from *Macmillan*. There are articles on 'Forgotten Aspects of the Irish Question,' on 'The Religious Sect of India known as the Jainas,' on 'A National Theatre,' and editorials on a number of current topics.

**THE ROYAL BANNER.** A Tale of Life Before and After Confirmation. By Austin Clare, author of 'The Carved Cartoon,' etc. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. New York: Pott, Young & Co.

It has been long since we have had the pleasure of reading a book so well adapted to the purpose for which it was written, as this tale of coast life in the North of England. The characters are well drawn, and the descriptions so evidently truthful, that they cannot fail to interest any reader. The story is thoroughly Churchly in its tone, and is one of the few which can be highly recommended for the reading of our older Sunday-school scholars.

**THE SNOWBALL SOCIETY.** A Story for Children. By the author of 'The Panelled House.' London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. New York: Pott, Young & Co.

We are glad to welcome such a book as this for the young people. It is well written, healthy in tone, Churchly in its teachings, and withal exceedingly interesting. It is in every way suitable for our Sunday-school libraries.

Messrs. Pott, Young & Co's Catalogue of English theological books, is a temptation indeed. Hardly a work of any note, standard, or record, is omitted. Amongst other publications, are those of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the character of which is well established.

We must learn to bear to live alone, not with regard to external things, but in our inward spirits. Let us not be anxious to hear the hum of applauding voices round us, but be content to travel in silence the way which our Master travelled before.—*F. W. Robertson.*

## HOLY DAYS IN APRIL.

ST. MARK, APRIL 25TH.

St. Mark was by birth a Jew, of the tribe of Levi. To this the style of his Gospel bears witness in its frequent "Hebraisms." His surname, Mark, is indeed Latin, but it was not uncommon for Jews travelling in provinces of the Roman Empire to take a Roman name. He is supposed to have been converted by Peter, who speaks of Him as "Marcus, my son," and was his companion in his travels. In fact, "The Gospel according to St. Mark" is said to have been dictated by Peter, whose amanuensis he was. Eusebius informs us that he went to Egypt, fixing his residence at Alexandria, where he was successful not only in planting Christianity, but in bringing the converts to a more than ordinarily strict profession of it. He made a tour to Lybia, Marmorica, and Pentapolis, where he planted the Gospel. Returning to Alexandria, some of his converts, it is said, became over-zealous in propagating the Gospel, and used violence. This so enraged the Egyptians that they broke into the church, seized the Bishop, bound him, and dragged him through the streets. He expired on the following day, April 25th, A. D. 68.

St. Mark accompanied Paul and Barnabas on their first apostolic journey. After awhile he deserted them, and returned to Jerusalem. On this account, as they were about to set out again to visit the churches, Paul was unwilling to permit Mark to accompany them. There arose a contention in consequence, and the two separated—Barnabas taking Mark, and Paul choosing Silas. Peter himself having once yielded to cowardice, and afterwards by his fortitude proving the sincerity of his repentance, was a fit instructor of St. Mark. Indeed he thus heeded the Saviour's injunction: "Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not; and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." St. Mark was thus strengthened to endure the hardship of his lot, and to found one of the strictest and most powerful Churches of primitive times.



## Sunday School Lessons.

As recommended by the Members of the several Committees on "Uniform Sunday School Lessons," appointed by the Bishops of the Dioceses of New York, Long Island, New Jersey, Central New York, Ohio, and Southern Ohio, and by the Committees representing the Diocese of Massachusetts and the Sunday School Association of Philadelphia.

### FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

#### He appears to Two Disciples on the Road to Emmaus.

##### *Text to be Learned.*

FOR WE KNOW THAT IF OUR EARTHLY HOUSE OF THIS TABERNACLE WERE DIS- SOLVED WE HAVE A BUILDING WITH GOD, AN HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS, ETER- NAL IN THE HEAVENS. 2 Cor. v. 1.

##### *The Lesson—St. Luke xxiv. 13-16, 28-35.*

13. And behold, two of them went that same day to a village called Emmaus, which was from Jerusalem about threescore furlongs.

14. And they talked together of all these things which had happened.

15. And it came to pass that while they communed together, and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them.

16. But their eyes were holden, that they should not know him.

28. And they drew nigh unto the village, whither they went: and he made as though he would have gone further.

29. But they constrained him, saying, Abide with us: for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent. And he went in to tarry with them.

30. And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them.

31. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him: and he vanished out of their sight.

32. And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?

33. And they rose up the same hour, and returned to Jerusalem, and found the eleven gathered together, and them that were with them,

34. Saying, The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon.

35. And they told what things were done in the way, and how he was known of them in breaking of bread.

On the afternoon of the day of the Resurrection, two of our Lord's Disciples—one named Cleopas, and another whose name is not given—were walking towards a village called Emmaus. There were two villages which bore this name—one, afterwards called Nicopolis, twenty-two miles from

Jerusalem; another, mentioned by Josephus, whose distance from Jerusalem accords with the three-score furlongs of St. Luke. Talking together of the remarkable events which so deeply interested them, an apparent stranger joins them. It was the Lord; "but their eyes were holden, that they should not know Him." Asking them the subject of their conversation, as they expressed their surprise at His ignorance of the events which were so notorious, He proceeded to explain to them that those things which had happened, and which had filled them with despair, were the very things which, by their fulfilment of the Scriptures, proved Him to be the Messiah. He continued the discourse until they reached the place of their destination; and as He was about to proceed further, they urged Him to tarry with them. As that evening they sat at meat, Jesus, as had been His wont, took the bread, blessed, brake, and gave it to them. With that act, their eyes were opened, and they recognized their Lord, Immediately He vanished from their sight.

At once the Disciples proceed in haste to Jerusalem, to report to their brethren what had taken place. But the joyous tidings they bore were met by equally welcome news from the eleven and those assembled with them, who had been informed of another appearance of the Lord to Simon Peter, and who greet the two, as they enter the room, with the words "The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon!" It was Simon Peter—who had first cowardly forsaken, then cow-

ardly and wickedly denied, His Master—who was after the Resurrection favored with a special manifestation of the fact of the Resurrection: as assurance, no doubt, that his tears, when he went out and wept bitterly, and his subsequent conduct, were accepted as tokens of a sincere repentance.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. Who were these two Disciples? One was Cleopas; the name of the other is not given.

2. To what place were they going, and what was its distance from Jerusalem? Emmaus, which was about seven miles and a half distant.

3. What was the subject of their conversation? Verses 20, 21.

4. Who approached them? Jesus himself.

5. Did they recognize Him? Vs. 16.

6. When they arrived at Emmaus, what did the Disciples ask Him to do? Verse 29.

7. What did He do when they sat at meat? Verse 30.

8. What was the consequence? Vs. 31.

9. What did they say one to another? Verse 32.

10. What did they then do? Vs. 33.

11. Whom did they find at Jerusalem? Verse 33.

12. What did the Disciples at Jerusalem say to them? Verse 34.

#### ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

13. Were the Disciples who went to Emmaus some of the Twelve Apostles? No. One was Cleopas; the other is not known, but is supposed to have been St. Luke.

14. When, arrived at Emmaus, our Lord “made as though He would have gone further,” was this to deceive the Disciples? No. It was like His asking the Scribes and Pharisees, when they showed Him a penny, “Whose is this image and superscription?” It was to draw out their purpose. By

His making “as though He would have gone further,” they had the opportunity of offering Him hospitality.

15. Was the act of our Lord mentioned in verse 30 a celebration of the Eucharist? No; but it doubtless reminded them of the Last Supper?

16. Was it the eleven or the two Disciples who said “The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared unto Simon”? The eleven. The Greek admits of no other meaning.

#### THE COLLECT.

Almighty Father, who hast given Thine only Son to die for our sins, and to rise again for our justification, grant us so to put away the leaven of malice and wickedness that we may always serve Thee in pureness of living and truth, through the merits of the same Thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

#### SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

##### He convinces St. Thomas.

##### *Text to be Learned.*

IF YE THEN BE RISEN WITH CHRIST, SEEK THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE ABOVE, WHERE CHRIST SITTETH ON THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD. Col. iii. 1.

##### *The Lesson—St. John xx. 24–29.*

24. But Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came.

25. The other disciples therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord. But he said unto them, Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe.

26. And after eight days again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them: then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you.

27. Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing.

28. And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God.

29. Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.

One week after the Resurrection, the Disciples were assembled with closed doors, fearing the Jews. Our Lord appeared to them, showed them His

hands and His feet, placing the reality of His person beyond question, and at the same time bestowing upon them the power of the Holy Ghost for the remission of sins, and sending them as He had been sent by the Father. But on that occasion Thomas was absent, thus missing both the evidence which would have removed his doubts and cheered him in his despondency, and also the blessing which our Lord bestowed upon the others. They reported to him what they had seen and heard, but he refused to believe until he also could have the evidence of his senses.

On the following Lord's day, when the Disciples were again assembled, Thomas was with them. The Lord, notwithstanding the closed doors, stood among them with the salutation of peace. He at once proceeded to grant to Thomas the evidence he had desired. Convinced, he at once exclaims "My Lord and my God!" No one who knows with what reverence the Jew treated the Sacred Name (oftentimes passing it by in reverent silence when they encountered it in reading), will for a moment entertain the thought that this was a mere exclamation. It was an act of worship, acknowledging that Jesus was Lord and God. If Jesus was a good man, but *not* both Lord and God, he would at once have rejected the proffered homage, as other good men, and even angels, had done; but He accepts the acknowledgment and the worship, for He was entitled to both. Thomas' conviction was not an act of faith; it was the result of the irresistible evidence of his senses. This evidence others cannot have; they who believe without it, our Lord pronounces blessed. It is sometimes thought manly to refuse to believe upon the testimony of others, and to rest satisfied with nothing but what amounts to demon-

stration. This is not only impracticable and absurd, but a loss. Thomas remained a week a skeptic. This was a most unhappy and unfortunate position for a Disciple. At the end of that time, he obtained precisely that assurance which he might have enjoyed by believing before, without demonstration. There was a blessedness which he might have enjoyed, but which by his skepticism he lost.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. What does the name Didymus signify? A twin.
2. What does the name Thomas signify? The same—Didymus being Greek, and Thomas Hebrew.
3. When the Disciples assured him that they had seen the Lord alive, what did Thomas reply? Verse 25.
4. When did our Lord again appear to the Disciples? After eight days.
5. How long was this? One week—the Jews being accustomed, in their reckoning, to count both the first and last days.
6. What was peculiar in the manner of His appearing at this time? Though the doors were shut, He stood in the midst of them.
7. What did He say? "Peace be unto you."
8. What did He say to Thomas? Verse 27.
9. What did Thomas reply? Vs. 28.
10. What did the Saviour answer? Verse 29.

#### ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

11. Thomas styled his Master both Lord and God. What may we infer from our Lord's conduct on this occasion? That He was entitled to these names. If He had not been, His receiving them would have been taking that honor which is due to God alone.
12. Why is there a blessedness to those who believe without seeing? Because such belief is faith, which the other is not?



13. What do we pray for in the Collect for St. Thomas' day? "Grant us so perfectly and without all doubt to believe in Thy Son Jesus Christ, that our faith in Thy sight may never be reproved."

THE COLLECT.

Almighty God, who hast given Thine only Son to be unto us both a sacrifice for sin, and also an ensample of godly life, give us grace that we may always most thankfully receive that His inestimable benefit, and also daily endeavor ourselves to follow the blessed steps of His most holy life, through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

CATECHISM.

*Question.* What is required of persons to be baptized?

*Answer.* Repentance, whereby they forsake sin; and faith, whereby they steadfastly believe the promises of God made to them in that Sacrament.

*Q.* Why, then, are infants baptized, when by reason of their tender age they cannot perform them?

*A.* Because they promise them both by their sureties, which promise, when they come to age, themselves are bound to perform.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

He appears by the seashore.

*Text to be Learned.*

THANKS BE TO GOD WHICH GIVETH US THE VICTORY THROUGH OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST. 1 Cor. xv. 57.

*The Lesson*—St. John xxi. 1-7 (to end of first clause) and 14.

1. After these things Jesus showed himself again to the disciples at the sea of Tiberias; and on this wise showed he himself.

2. There were together Simon Peter, and Thomas called Didymus, and Nathanael of Cana in Galilee, and the sons of Zebedee, and two other of his disciples.

3. Simon Peter saith unto them, I go a fishing. They say unto him, We also go with thee. They went forth, and entered into a ship immediately; and that night they caught nothing.

4. But when the morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore; but the disciples knew not that it was Jesus.

5. Then Jesus saith unto them, Children, have ye any meat? They answered him, No.

6. And he said unto them, Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find. They cast therefore, and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes.

7. Therefore that disciple whom Jesus loved saith unto Peter, It is the Lord.

14. This is now the third time that Jesus showed himself to his disciples, after that he was risen from the dead.

Our Lord had said to His Disciples:

'After I am risen again, I will go before you into Galilee.' The Disciples had wandered back to their former haunts, and as they had not yet received their apostolic commission, were not as yet engaged in their apostolic work. Necessity probably drove them again to their avocation of fishing in the Sea of Galilee or Tiberias. Seven—namely, Peter, Thomas, Nathanael (or Bartholomew), James, and John, and two others—probably Andrew and Philip—were thus engaged, when our Lord made His third appearance after the Resurrection. "That night they caught nothing." On reading these words, one readily calls to mind another occasion when the Disciples were in like manner engaged. In Luke v. we read that after teaching the Disciples, the Saviour said to Simon "Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught." The reply was "Master, we have toiled all night, and have taken nothing." Now after another night of fruitless labor, "when the morning was come, Jesus stood on the shore." On this clause The Plain Commentary has the following:

"There appears a Stranger in the dim twilight, drawing the attention, as it were, to Himself, though they knew not who it was." "When the morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore." How prophetic is the sound of every word! It was a symbol of the Eternal Morning, when Jesus (who is the hope of them that remain on the broad sea) will at last appear; for the Church as yet waiteth "until the day break and the shadows flee away." No longer in the ship with His Disciples—as on the occasion of the former

miraculous draught of fishes, when He was like one crossing "the waves of this troublesome world"—He is seen standing on the fixed, immovable shore. Thither "they shall go to Him, but thence He shall not return to them." Consider how that word ["the shore"] is introduced in the parable of the draw-net, which our Lord himself explained to be symbolical of what "shall be at the end of the world."

The Saviour asked if they had any meat. On their replying in the negative, He bade them cast their net on the right side of the ship. This was done, and the result was an extraordinary draught of fishes. Usually where there is a shoal of fishes, the casting of the net on either side would be successful. But the Lord's naming a particular side, implies that to cast at random, as had been done in the former miracle, would not have met with success. The command was obeyed, and the number of fishes was so great that they could not draw the net. This miracle satisfied them that the Person addressing them was none other than the Lord.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. By what other name is the Sea of Tiberias known? The Sea of Galilee.

2. Among the Disciples who were together was one called Nathanael. By what other name was he known? Bartholomew.

3. Who were the sons of Zebedee? James and John.

4. What was the occupation of these Disciples? They were fishermen.

5. What success attended their labors on this occasion? "That night they caught nothing."

6. In the morning who stood on the shore? Jesus.

7. Did the Disciples know Him? Verse 4.

8. What did He ask them? Vs. 5.

9. What did He direct them to do? Verse 6.

10. What was the result? Vs. 6.

11. Who recognized the Lord? Vs. 7.

12. Who was the Disciple whom Jesus loved? John.

13. How many times had Jesus now appeared to the Disciples? Verse 14.

ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

14. Of what is the ship typical? The Church.

15. Of what is the water typical? The world.

16. What did our Lord promise to make His Disciples? Fishers of men.

17. For what reason may we suppose that direction was given to cast the net on the right side? To teach the Disciples that the work of rescuing souls, in order to be successful, must be carried on precisely as the Lord directs.

#### THE COLLECT.

Almighty God, who showest to them that are in error the light of Thy truth, to the intent that they may return into the way of righteousness, grant unto all those who are admitted into the fellowship of Christ's religion, that they may avoid those things that are contrary to their profession, and follow all such things as are agreeable to the same, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

#### CATECHISM.

*Question.* Why was the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper ordained?

*Answer.* For the continual remembrance of the sacrifice of the death of Christ, and of the benefits which we receive thereby.

*Q.* What is the outward part, or sign, of the Lord's Supper?

*A.* Bread and Wine, which the Lord hath commanded to be received.

*Q.* What is the inward part, or thing, signified?

*A.* The Body and Blood of Christ, which are spiritually taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper.



## FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

## He sends His Disciples to preach.

*Text to be Learned.*

HOW SHALL THEY PREACH EXCEPT THEY BE SENT? AS IT IS WRITTEN, HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE THE FEET OF THEM THAT PREACH THE GOSPEL OF PEACE, AND BRING GLAD TIDINGS OF GOOD THINGS!

*The Lesson—St. Matthew xxviii. 16-20.*

16. Then the eleven disciples went away into Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them.

17. And when they saw him, they worshipped him: but some doubted.

18. And Jesus came, and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.

19. Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;

20. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen.

In the tenth verse of this chapter we read that our Lord said to the women "Go tell My brethren, that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see Me." The message had been conveyed to the eleven, and they went to the mountain—probably that on which the transfiguration had taken place—which Jesus had appointed. But they were not alone. It was now a week since the Lord had risen from the dead. His disciples were numbered by hundreds, and it is utterly impossible that they should not have known of the several appearances of their Master and the wonderful things that had happened. When then He made an appointment to meet the eleven at a designated mountain in Galilee, the tidings were spread abroad, and "above five hundred brethren" were assembled. No wonder that when they saw Him some—not of the eleven, for they were already convinced—doubted. But as He came near they worshipped Him.

But the Evangelist is now speaking particularly of the eleven. Jesus came and spoke, giving them their commission. "All power," He said, "is given Me in heaven and earth." As a Divine

person He always possessed plenary power. But this of which He now speaks was given Him as the Son of Man. A part of this power He received when He came from God; but after His resurrection He could say "All power is given Me in heaven and earth." By virtue of that power He sends the eleven, charging them to "Go teach all nations," or rather, as a more accurate rendering would be, "Go, make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." Baptizing, it will be seen, was just as much a part of their commission as teaching. If it was their duty to teach, it is the duty of all nations to hear. If it was their duty to baptize, it is the duty of all to be baptized.

The rite of baptism was common among the Jews, being administered to proselytes and their families, both adults and children. The Lord here makes but one change in that rite which is that it must be administered in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. We are therefore to infer that it was to be administered to infants as well as adults. The Apostles, furthermore, were to teach men to observe all the commandments of the Lord. Whatever then we read of the Apostles' teachings, whether in the Acts or the Epistles, we are bound to receive and heed as well as the Gospels, for they taught nothing but what they received either from the lips of the Lord, or from the Holy Ghost, who, in the place of Christ's person, taught them what to say, or brought the sayings of the Saviour to their remembrance. That the ministerial commission here given was to be continued to the successors of the Apostles, is evident from the words "Lo, I am with you alway to the end of the world."



## QUESTIONS.

1. When had Jesus appointed a meeting with the Disciples in Galilee? When He told the women "Go tell My brethren, that they go into Galilee; there shall they see me."

2. Why is it probable that on this occasion there were more than the eleven present? Because all the eleven had seen Him before, and all their doubts had been removed; but at this time "some doubted."

3. How do we know that more than the eleven Disciples and the holy women saw our Lord after His resurrection? Because St. Paul says (1 Cor. xv. 8) that "He was seen of above five hundred brethren at once."

4. What did He commission the eleven to do? To teach all nations.

5. What more? To baptize them.

6. How did the baptism of John differ from that of the Apostles? John did not baptize in the name of the Son of God. Acts xix. 1-5.

7. What were the Apostles to teach? All things whatsoever the Lord commanded.

8. Where do we find what they taught? In the Acts and the Epistles.

9. How long did Christ promise to be with them? To the end of the world.

10. But the Apostles could not live until the end of the world. How could Christ then be with them? He is with their successors in the Church.

## ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

11. Had our Lord before this spoken of the power given to Him? Yes, when He said "Thou hast given Him power over all flesh, that He should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given Him." John xix. 2.

12. How do we know that baptism is necessary? Because to baptize is here made part of the ministerial office and duty, which it could not be unless it were necessary for those to

whom one ministered to, to be baptized.

13. Is all that the Apostles taught to be found in the Scripture? All that is necessary to salvation.

14. What does Article VI. teach on this subject? "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation: so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of the Faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation."

## THE COLLECT.

O Almighty God, who alone canst order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men, grant unto Thy people that they may love the thing which Thou commandest, and desire that which Thou dost promise; that so, among the sundry and manifold changes of the world, our hearts may surely there be fixed, where true joys are to be found; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

## CATECHISM.

*Question.* What are the benefits whereof we are partakers thereby?

*Answer.* The strengthening and refreshing of our souls by the Body and Blood of Christ, as our bodies are by the bread and wine.

*Q.* What is required of those who come to the Lord's Supper?

*A.* To examine themselves whether they repent them truly of their former sins, steadfastly purposing to lead a new life; have a lively faith in God's mercy, through Christ, with a thankful remembrance of His death, and be in charity with all men.

Hon. Andrew D. White, our Minister to Berlin, relates that, when he was at St. Petersburg, he visited, in company with the late Col. Colt of Hartford, Ct., and the superintendent of his works, the Imperial Museum, where the relics of Peter the Great are kept. When they examined Peter's turning-lathe, Col. Colt exclaimed in language most emphatic "—, here is the principle of the Blanchard Turning Lathe anticipated by nearly 200 years!"